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NIXON'S ENERGY POLICY
Exercise in Political Duplicity
William Rodgers

'I Can't Complain'
HOW A WRITER LIVES IN PRAGUE
An Interview with
LUDVIK VACULIK

JOHN M. BLAIR
Figures Don't Lie—But Accountants Figure

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LETTERS

correspondent in East Germany

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I would like to express my full agreement with Hugh T. Murray, Jr.'s review of Steven Kelman's *Behind the Berlin Wall* [The Nation, Apr. 16]. East Germany, or as it calls itself, the German Democratic Republic (GDR), is the least authoritarian and, in the Western sense, the most progressive of the Communist-ruled states.

In 1962, I was the first American correspondent to travel for more than two months through the GDR. I have returned there five times as the accredited correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*. I was scared only once when, after a border incident, West Berlin police were shooting at an aperture in the wall through which I was trying to size up the situation.

In contrast to every other Communist-ruled state, the GDR never had trials like those held in Stalin's day in Hungary, for instance, where Laszlo Rajk falsely admitted having entered the party as a Western spy; he was rehabilitated posthumously. Nor did the GDR have a Slansky trial or large-scale torturing and killing of political prisoners as disclosed in the Polish central committee in 1956.

I have been asked to speak in GDR schools and universities and always expressed myself frankly in terms the officialdom could not approve. During every one of my visits I had ample opportunity to discuss GDR and world affairs with officials of the regime, managers, journalists and writers. My frequent criticism was accepted and, I believe, welcomed.

The GDR has made an earnest effort to stamp out the heritage of Nazism. When on one occasion in 1966 the Federal Republic was able to announce that a former Nazi had been appointed to a ministerial post, the man was immediately demoted and given a purely technical job.

The policy of the Federal Republic was different. Dr. Globke, the author of the authoritative commentary on Nazidom's anti-Semitic laws, held the position of a state secretary in the Federal Chancellery until he was pensioned in the late 1960s. . . .

Paul Wohl

Kraus on America

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I appreciated greatly the opportunity to learn about Karl Kraus from Robert Lilienfeld's essays [*The Nation*, Apr. 23 and 30], and I admired his skilled historiography of the social and political context of Kraus's work. The latter was justified in his loathing for the slimy fungus forest which produced such brilliant flowers at first and then, such poisonous toadstools in *Mitteleuropa*. And Lilienfeld's apocalyptic view of a Fourth *Walpurgisnacht* in the United States is a possibility in these *dies Nixon*.

Although this may not give us much comfort for the immediate future of our country, Lilienfeld's setting of Kraus's Vienna should be reset in the wider frame of Europe in the 19th century. Vienna, in Kraus's lifetime, was but one focus . . . of the whole body of diseased but not yet dying capitalist society. The Austrian Empire was a product of the stresses of 19th-century capitalism which were analyzed so brilliantly in the historical writings of Karl Marx. The purge which destroyed that empire narrowed the domain of exploitative relations which characterize capitalism and the subsequent downfall of its *ersatz* in the Third Reich narrowed that domain still more.

The United States today dominates the exploitative sector and radiates destruction across half the globe. Though it is not likely, our escape from a Fourth *Walpurgisnacht* is not impossible, if we can act to curb and eventually to eliminate the exploitative power of the American empire.

Harry Grundfest
College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University

EDITORIALS

The Press and Watergate

The Washington Post was an easy choice for the Pulitzer award; if the selection was not unanimous it should have been. Only a few newspapers are entitled to bask in the praise that has focused on the *Post*, but the entire press must feel a sense of gratitude that a handful of papers managed, under difficult circumstances, to vindicate the role of the fourth estate in the American system.

But now the press faces a critical test. Spot checks and random interviews, conducted across the country, make it clear that most Americans fail to grasp the significance of Watergate. This conclusion is in no wise negated by the fact that public concern is widespread or that a majority, in certain polls, feel that the President knew of the cover-up or that 30 per cent do not shy away from the dread word "impeachment." Basically what these attitudes reflect is a general dislike and distrust of the President which existed before the break-in. That section of the public is merely confirmed in its doubts by the President's carefully limited denials. When, for example, he denies *participation* in the cover-up but not knowledge of it, the misgivings about him are strongly re-enforced. But the polls and interviews reveal a failure on the part of even the doubters to sense the full meaning of Watergate.

Instead of clarifying the issues the press has unwittingly confused them by rehashing former Presidential scandals. None of them—whether under Grant, Harding, Truman or Eisenhower—belong in the same category as Watergate. Watergate has nothing to do with vicuna coats, hotel bills or deep freezers. The bagmen for CREEP did not make off with any of the huge loot; no one has charged that Mitchell, Stans or Kalmbach pocketed any $100 bills. True, legislative favors were no doubt dangled in front of possible contributors, but the public would view such solicitation as standard practice; they would not see it as "corruption," though it is probably the worst form. In any case, Watergate is not a party scandal; the Republican Party is not tainted by it. So past Presidential scandals throw little light on its meaning.

Watergate marks a climax in a constitutional crisis that has been in the making throughout the cold-war years. There were still earlier precedents, but the nature of "cold war" required a vast augmentation of Presidential power —for example, the power to wage war without a formal declaration by the Congress. It also superimposed an extra-constitutional apparatus on the original design. Cold war involves subversion, propaganda, espionage, assassination (if necessary), bribery and a wide variety of clandestine operations. Successive administrations were committed to the proposition that revolutionary regimes had to be suppressed, if possible. With the onset of the cold war, the CIA was established—the year after Richard Nixon, best known of all "anti-Communist" politicians, was first elected to Congress. And in 1950 a state of emergency was proclaimed which is still in effect. It is not surprising that the Watergate plotters should have turned to the CIA—with the support of a top White House aide —for assistance that was promptly forthcoming. Nor is

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it surprising that the *condottieri* that Mr. Nixon assembled at the White House should have tried, initially, to place the blame for Watergate on the CIA.

Presidential war-making, based on powers acquired by default of Congress, practiced over a period of years, is in no small measure responsible for the irresponsible delegation of power which is part of the meaning of Watergate. It is one thing when the President directly exercises the awesome powers of his office, but when this power begins to be exercised by a palace guard of faceless aides responsible only to the President, then constitutional government is in danger of being subverted. Even those who should know better—agency heads and members of Congress—react to these surrogates as they would to the President. Worse, such an unconstitutional delegation of power creates a dangerous ambiguity. Is this the President's act? Does he know about it? As George Reedy pointed out in *The Nation* of January 1 ("White House Aides: Faceless Agents of Power") before the major Watergate disclosures: "The President can repudiate an erring staffer, and the nature of the White House is such that the staffer will probably accept the repudiation quietly, even when the President is actually responsible. But that does not dispel the suspicion that will arise even when the President is guiltless."

The meaning of Watergate, in brief, is that we have been slouching toward an authoritarian, corporate-style state—"a managerial Presidency"—for a long time, and a sustained national effort will be required if the trend is to be reversed. "Cleansing" the White House is not enough. Convicting the guilty will not suffice; nor will the substitution of able replacements for those removed from the White House staff. The agenda of corrective measures is long: tough new controls on campaign spending, a strengthening of party responsibility, restoration of Congressional authority and reform of its procedures, return to Cabinet government, a revival of the rule of law, lopping off the unconstitutional powers now exercised by the President, and dismantling cold-war mechanisms such as the CIA. (One of "America's most distinguished ex-agents" is quoted in *The Wall Street Journal* as saying: "The old days of spies and clandestine intelligence are really gone.") But if these issues are to be dealt with, the press must drive home the meaning of Watergate. Further disclosures are important but so is the significance of what has already been disclosed. It would be ironic if the press which has brought Watergate to public attention should permit the meaning of the crime to be lost in a storm of headlines.

Super Secret Agent

E. Howard Hunt, Jr. has provided a comic touch to the sordid Watergate mess. Hunt is a super secret agent. He has—or had—the paraphernalia to prove it: a red wig, dark glasses, a voice alteration device, false ID cards, a 25-caliber Colt automatic, three shoulder harnesses, four rechargeable Bell and Howell batteries, one tear-gas canister, two microphones in simulated Chap-Stick containers, three antenna leads, four antennas, six jack wires, one shoulder harness with white lead wire and phone jack, three operating instructions for a Bell and Howell portable

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transmitter, and a file marked "Press Contacts"—all of these items with the exception of the first four being found in the White House office he once occupied.

But Hunt also has credentials to prove that he is a real professional in the spy game. He has written more than forty spy mysteries, an average of two for each of the twenty years he spent in the CIA as a top secret agent. As if to remove any lingering doubts of his professional status, he sprinkled his testimony before a Washington, D.C., grand jury investigating the Ellsberg break-in with fancy words and phrases borrowed from the spy's lexicon. His "cover" was membership in the group known as Room 16, also known as "the plumbers." He spoke of being able to make a "judgment call" on the feasibility of the raid on Dr. Fielding's office, of getting a full "read-out" from CIA sources on Ellsberg's background, of doing a "bag job" on the office of the psychiatrist; he spoke also of "buck slips" and "safe houses" and "sterile" phone numbers and "run pasts" and "entry teams." With G. Gordon Liddy, he boasted of having done "a rather thorough, I think, a professional study" of the "objective," namely, Dr. Fielding's office.

Yet despite the veneer of professionalism, the Ellsberg break-in, like the Bay of Pigs, ended in a fiasco. In the process, the Cubans whom Hunt had recruited were betrayed. Lured into the Watergate enterprise by talk of "national security" and a profusion of $100 bills, these innocents now know for a fact that Fidel Castro was not financing George McGovern's campaign. Not only the Cuban burglars but the entire Cuban community in Miami is reported to be thoroughly disillusioned; witnesses are now telling local authorities what they know about the break-in and some of the burglars are talking. Now that the romance of the refugees with the derring-do boys of the CIA has once again ended in disaster, they may abandon the pipe dream of returning to Havana under the auspices of E. Howard Hunt, whose career as a master spy has ended most unheroically in the tragic death of his wife and a jail sentence for breaking and entering.

That such an incompetent was able to masquerade for twenty years as a top secret spy at the taxpayers' expense is a minor but nevertheless interesting aspect of the Watergate affair. Slight wonder that Senator Proxmire should be angry that we spend $6 billion a year to employ an "intelligence community" of 150,000 people. For twenty years or more the highest paid members of this community have enjoyed the good life, jetting around the world, equipped with wigs and revolvers and dark glasses, and managing very well on entirely adequate expense accounts. Now, as James R. Schlesinger, the new head of the CIA, has discovered, these Walter Mitty characters are too old and too numerous to function well as spies, and he seeks Congressional approval to retire many members of this "aging staff" at age 50, the more so since they have come to regard their jobs as "a sinecure." "The intelligence community," he reports, "is not designed to provide cushy positions for time-servers." He might have added that his community of sleuths is not empowered to practice its gumshoe trade on native soil.

Coming in the wake of Schlesinger's tart comments, the involvement of the CIA in the crime of burglary should not brighten its image. A still more hopeful sign is to be found in a little noticed lawsuit filed some time back by William B. Richardson of Greensburg, Pa., which the Supreme Court has consented to review. Mr. Richardson sued to enforce Article I of Section 9 of the Constitution which provides: "No money shall be drawn from the treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time." Whether he succeeds or not, Mr. Richardson is on sound ground in insisting that the CIA should from time to time account for all public funds it has received. What he seeks to obtain, of course, is a public accounting of public funds, not a "secret" report to a select committee of the Congress. Obviously there is need for such an accounting: CIA funds, as we now know, have been spent to maintain "safe houses" from which E. Howard Hunt, Jr. and other master spies have been able to obtain disguises and revolvers and dark glasses and false identification for their amateurish adventures in Miami, Washington and Los Angeles.

Shabby Plot

The 60,000-member United Farm Workers union is now quite literally threatened with destruction by collusion between the International Brotherhood of Teamsters and the growers, on which *The Nation* reported recently ("Teamsters and Growers: A Romance Rekindled" by Ronald B. Taylor, March 19). Arrayed against the UFW are the powerful 2.2 million-member Teamsters in alliance with a well-organized group of employers possessed of exceptional political leverage. There is good reason to believe that the shabby Teamsters-grower plot would never have been undertaken without tacit assurances of support from Republican Administrations in Sacramento and Washington. Nixon has long been an active partisan of the California growers. In the late 1940s he was a member of a House subcommittee which played a key role in breaking a strike against the Di Giorgio interests.

Three years ago, after a fifty-eight-month strike and a national boycott, the UFW signed up the reluctant grape growers in California. Now the contracts are expiring and the growers are rushing to sign with the Teamsters, who have never been designated by the workers as their bargaining agency. These are, as Cesar Chavez has said, "sweetheart contracts of the first order." (In fairness, it should be said that the Teamsters rank and file is not responsible for the contract that their officers have signed with the growers.)

Again and again Chavez has offered to hold open elections, but the growers and the Teamsters have rejected these offers. "They have the contracts," as he puts it, "but we have the workers." While wage rates in the two contracts are much the same, other differences are significant. Under the Teamsters' contracts the hiring hall would be abolished, thus opening the way for the return of labor contractors who would provide the "muscle" to keep farm workers in line. An abundant documentation, accumulated over several decades, supports the statement that contractors have long been used by growers to recruit, exploit and control farm workers. Moreover,

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Chavez is vividly aware of the part played by the Teamsters in President Nixon's 1972 campaign and that Charles W. Colson, a former White House aide, is now a member of the Washington law firm retained by the union.

But while outgunned, the UFW is not without resources. The combination aligned against the union, to quote Chavez, is "strong in money, strong in political influence, strong in many material ways. But they're bankrupt where we're strong. We're strong in spirit, we're wealthy in honesty and determination. We've made up our mind to accept whatever sacrifice comes our way in order to win." Not only has the union made notable progress in organizing farm workers—a notoriously difficult undertaking—but it is one of the few bright spots in the national labor picture. The glow of social idealism radiating from Delano has attracted the interest, loyalty and support of many sections of the public. The extent of this backing was demonstrated last year when the union defeated an anti-boycott initiative measure in California. The union has the strong support of the Catholic hierarchy, of other church groups, and of the AFL-CIO. It has friends in Congress.

Frank Fitzsimmons rides in the Presidential plane these days, but has his own difficulties. Hoffa is a potential rival and the FBI is, or was, looking into alleged Mafia connections in California with the top Teamsters leadership. For the moment, apparently, the FBI has been called off, but the charges still reverberate. Even so, the UFW will need all the support it can muster if it is to prevail. The boycott must be supported. Volunteers are organizing to conduct summer-long boycott campaigns in forty cities which receive two-thirds of the nation's table grapes. Already these efforts have succeeded in inducing some chains not to handle grapes or lettuce unless harvested by the UFW. The appropriate Congressional committee or subcommittee should investigate UFW charges of payoffs to local Teamsters officials and, at the same time, check into those allegations of Mafia connections. And Congress must also vote down various measures now before it which would have the effect of making the UFW boycott illegal. If the current crude plot to destroy the UFW should succeed—we doubt that it will—it would be the labor crime of this decade.

The 'War on Cancer'

James D. Watson is not only an extraordinary scientist (with F. H. C. Crick and M. H. F. Wilkins he won the Nobel Prize in medicine) but on occasion he is capable of turning his gifts to debunking, an exercise as vital to research, particularly medical research, as it is to politics. Since Watson was instrumental in unraveling the mystery of the structure of DNA, he was appointed to the advisory board charged with keeping an eye on the Administration's "War on Cancer." In testimony before the House subcommittee on public health and environment in March, Watson charged that the "war" is mostly public relations and, worse, that this approach is undermining fundamental biological research, from which a "cure" for cancer—if indeed anything like a cancer vaccine can be found—is mostly likely to emanate. (See "Cancer Research: Money Won't Solve Everything" by Dr. George Silver, *The Nation*, August 16, 1971.)

Watson's unraveling of the DNA problem and earlier essential work was done when he was in his 20s and early 30s. The way *not* to go about the conquest of cancer, he feels, is to entrust middle-aged experts (not to be confused with prolific scientists of the Pasteur or Pauling type) to draw up plans for spending scads of money through an organization like the National Cancer Institute. The most promising approach is by encouraging research in all areas of experimental biology, in the hope that knowledge at present unavailable will lead finally to radically new methods of treatment. Instead, the Administration is concentrating on "direct" cancer research, while cutting other budgets of the National Institutes of Health and trimming or terminating training and fellowship programs.

The public, and scientifically ignorant politicians like Mr. Nixon, are inclined to think of the conquest of cancer as a goal suitable for a medical Manhattan Project or Apollo project. But the scientific work on the atom and on space flight already had been substantially completed; what remained to be done was in the realm of engineering. Cancer research has not reached that stage. Success is most likely to be achieved through apparently unrelated observations by men and women now in their teens, who need help to prepare for careers in biological research.

The slogan about curing cancer "in your lifetime" is an advertising gimmick. If you are 20 and live to be old, the chances are pretty good; if you are 50, better not rely on it. In any case, pouring tens of millions of dollars into a search for an early cure, on the basis of known techniques, is a form of quackery. "How can the Administration be so callous toward the miseries of disease?" Watson asks. The answer, of course, is that it is that sort of Administration.

The Cruelest Month

Robert Lekachman

For Administration economists, who only last January were boasting that "by the end of 1972 the American anti-inflation policy had become the marvel of the rest of the world," April was the cruelest month. Consumers, worried about the imminence of even higher prices, were threatening to spend 16 per cent more in 1973 than 1972. The McGraw-Hill survey reported that businessmen planned to increase plant and equipment outlays by an even more menacing 19 per cent. April's rise in industrial prices was the sharpest since 1951. Even the GNP deflator, the broadest and least sensitive of the price indices, was going up at twice the Administration's 3 per cent target rate. CEA Chairman Herbert Stein drew meager comfort from the momentary simmering down of farm product prices. All in all, as *The Wall Street Journal* summarized the record, "In the first three months of Phase III, the overall wholesale price index rose at an annual rate of 21.2 per cent, more than triple the 6.9 per

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cent rate for the 14 months of Phase II. For farm products, foods and feeds, the Phase III annual rate has been 37.3 per cent, compared with 16.1 per cent under Phase II; for industrial materials, the comparison is 14.8 to 3.5 per cent."

No special mystery accompanies this new inflationary outburst. During spells of business cycle expansion, consumers and investors tend to increase their purchases more rapidly than new supplies come upon markets. This is demand-pull inflation. The numerous price hikes announced by large corporations in the wake of the President's January 11 termination of Phase II derived from an accurate perception that the famous Phase III club in the closet was made of *papier-mâché*. Economists have christened this familiar deployment of monopoly power cost-push inflation. That it has not been worse is attributable to a union moderation in negotiation that is highly unlikely to continue.

Several special circumstances aggravated the virulence of both varieties of inflation. Bad weather in the farm belt, acreage restrictions only very belatedly relaxed, and the huge Russian wheat deal have pushed food prices up even higher than larger consumer incomes by themselves might have done. An energy "crisis," intensified by the pro-industry policies of the Administration and the collusion of the big oil companies with Arab producers, has been a useful pretext to raise oil and gas prices. They will undoubtedly soar further. The second dollar devaluation has raised the prices of foreign cars, appliances, textiles and French wines. As even the economists recognize by now, last January the need was to strengthen, not discard, Phase II controls.

Stern measures are now urgently required to scotch the inflationary demons. A quick and large tax surcharge is the most potent specific against demand-pull inflation: if too many dollars chase too few goods, remove some of the dollars. As for cost-push inflation, a new ninety-day freeze on *all* incomes and prices is the only sure way to grapple with concentrated corporate and union power. For items in very short supply, rationing is the fairest social technique. In the presence of scarce meat and flour and gasoline (whoever may be responsible for the condition) equity demands fair distribution of what is available.

In general, equity and control of inflation can be made compatible. Tax surcharge payments could be made refundable during the next recession (when their expenditure would be helpful) on a progressive basis: complete refunds for persons of modest means and diminishing refunds as incomes rise. Between them, renewed controls and tax surcharges will cool the boom and cause unemployment still higher than today's unacceptable rates. But there is every reason to treat the unemployed as a valuable, unused national resource. A generous program of public service jobs would give satisfying work to the unemployed and improve the delivery of educational, health and other public services.

These are not policies likely to win favor among the free-market ideologues who advise the President. Chicago types like George Shultz and Herbert Stein would oppose tax increases and controls out of their usual fatuous belief in mythical free markets. Moreover, for more than a year the President has promised not to raise taxes. As for effective new controls, it is ever more evident that part of what the big campaign contributors bought with their valises of cash was a set of hunting licenses for higher prices and grander profits. As a result, Administration policy is reduced to feeble gestures like new requirements of pre-notification for some projected price changes, pressure on the Federal Reserve to tighten credit and raise interest rates, and, for the rest, to borrow an apt Evans-Novak phrase, " 'Watergating' the inflation." The inevitable consequence of the pretense that inflation will go away if the White House ignores it is a second Nixon recession.

In the general shambles created by this despicable Administration, economic failure now joins Watergate corruption and Indochinese peace with honor. It is in bad company.

Robert Lekachman is professor of economics at the State University of New York, Stony Brook.

NIXON'S ENERGY POLICY

EXERCISE IN POLITICAL DUPLICITY

WILLIAM RODGERS

Reasoning perhaps that, what with Watergate and the cost of food pre-empting the public mind, April was an inopportune moment to raise ethical and economic questions, Mr. Nixon, in his long overdue energy policy message to Congress, made only remote, circumspect contact with the realities that underlie this exponential and continuing increase of energy consumption. He disavowed the existence of an energy crisis or the prospect of $1-a-gallon gasoline; but the explosive and often needless increase of consumption cannot be disavowed in the face of, and in the wake of, fuel oil shortages in some areas, shut-down gas stations, rationed electricity and restrictions on supplying natural gas to new customers.

With the whole American economy feeding unchecked upon electric power and energy fuels, the nation is asked to applaud a policy that exacerbates rather than neutralizes what promises to be an intolerable result. The national assumption that it should consume a hoggish share of world fuel resources, which are both irreplaceable and steadily diminishing, places the United States on a collision course with any nation powerful enough to exercise a choice in the matter. If there comes a time when energy

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fuels are insufficient to support the expanding economies of superpowers, money and arms will—barring the development of a forbearance not yet seen on earth—determine access to them.

To understand the dimensions and intensity of any energy policy in the industrialized nations, one must distinguish between the processed fuels and technology that energize a nation, and the electric power, which is only one of the consumers of such fuels. An automobile, a furnace, an airplane, a lawn mower consume processed fuel directly. So does a power plant, which thereby produces the current that extends the consumption of those fuels to thousands of uses in households, offices, commerce and industry.

Every use of electric power and energy fuel pollutes. Even if a nonpollutive technique for producing electricity —as, for example, hydroelectric power, which is relatively clean—were to become dominant, pollution, at least in the form of heat, would occur at the end point of power consumption. There is a prevailing myth that power extracted from the solar system or from hydrogen would both make fossil fuels unnecessary and end the pollution problem associated with energy production. The notion fails to consider the heat expenditure in the end-product use of power on a gigantic scale. The heat must go somewhere—into the air, the land, or the water. That, in itself, is a limiting factor.

No policy encompassing geometric expansion of power consumption—that is, all the increase an individual, household or industry may choose or be induced to use—can be less than suicidal. Addiction to infinite consumption, when the sources of energy supply are finite, is contradictory and self-terminating. Yet, no national policy prevailing among the superpowers, and certainly in America, yields to this apocalyptic fact.

Because there is a relationship between the amount of energy a country consumes and the economic and military power it accumulates, there is little disposition to restrain its usage. Who wants to have less in the way of conveniences and resources today, that those yet unborn may have access to what hasn't been gobbled up? Some millions of people among the billion or so who live in reasonable comfort and promise might be willing to mark time for half a generation or more in response to a policy of long-range ethical concern, but the dynamics of economic growth, which spring from nationalistic and materialistic aspirations, sweep them along.

The United States leads the superpower pack, and there is no substantial evidence that the Nixon constituency—or that of any other President—wants to depart from the traditional course that has put second homes, high-powered automobiles, television sets, stereo systems, air conditioners, instant heat, dune buggies, snowmobiles, recreation campers, billions of appliances and countless gadgets into the hands and lives of so many of us. The inertial force thrusting the country toward the expansion of energy consumption is seldom seriously questioned.

It looks like a 12 million-car year for the automobile industry in 1973, a hopeful outlook for the inflated economy, considering that the U.S. commitment to the automobile and the sales it generates account for 25 per cent of our gross national product. Reports from dealers across the country, with a few local exceptions, indicate they are overjoyed. There is, however, a good deal of disenchantment among owners of new automobiles.

It seems that if you traded in your 1968 Ford on a new 1973 LTD that cost, with your options, $4,500, you were in for a depressing surprise. Where your five-year-old car had carried you along at 16 or so miles to a gallon of 33¢-gasoline, your new beauty will take you 8 to 8.5 miles on a gallon of 45¢-gasoline. Aside from the 25 per cent increase in the cost of gasoline, which boosts the gross national product at your expense, you use about twice as much fuel to go the same distance. I have used the example of a Ford LTD here, but the story is much the same with the Buick, the Chevrolet and most other standard and luxury models. The emission catalyst and its controls, plus a little added weight, are what make the difference.

If you are addicted to a more conspicuous form of consumption, and prefer such vehicles as a Cadillac, a Chrysler Imperial or a Lincoln Continental, your contribution to this aggravated energy problem is a good deal more—and a good deal worse. While you are making an even larger contribution to the expansion of the GNP, you are not getting far otherwise. The owner of a new Lincoln Continental in Detroit told a *New York Times* writer in late March that his status vehicle, which cost $10,000 and has the dimensions of a hearse, takes him 3.7 miles to a gallon. Every time he fills the tank, he can expect to move 75 miles. The owner said he would run the car until its warranty expires, then take it to a garage and have the pollution controls removed to save gas money.

There is some reduction in pollutive emissions of the 1973 cars (when the new devices are allowed to operate), but another problem has taken its place: we burn a lot more gas to go half the distance. We are not, it seems, getting anywhere—but look at the business we're doing!

Think of the economic progress involved in 12 million to 15 million of these newer cars being driven from 500 miles to 2,000 miles each to the great make-play enterprise of Disney World at Orlando, Fla., many of the powerful vehicles hauling campers and trailers behind their exhaust. Disney World expected 10 million vehicles at its parking lots during its opening year, and wound up with 12 million. This all-electrified resort city and the astronomical number of gasoline-powered vehicles it attracts to a world of commercialized fakery, has already aggravated the energy fuels problem and, as Mr. Nixon suggests, the crisis hasn't happened yet.

In 1920, the average American household consumed 540 kilowatt-hours of electrical current per year. By the end of the 1970s the power industry projects that the average household will demand 20,000 kilowatts. A

William Rodgers, a journalist and social critic, is the author of Brown-Out: The Power Crisis in America *(Stein & Day). He is working on a book which will investigate the thesis that the federal government has become an extension of corporate power.*

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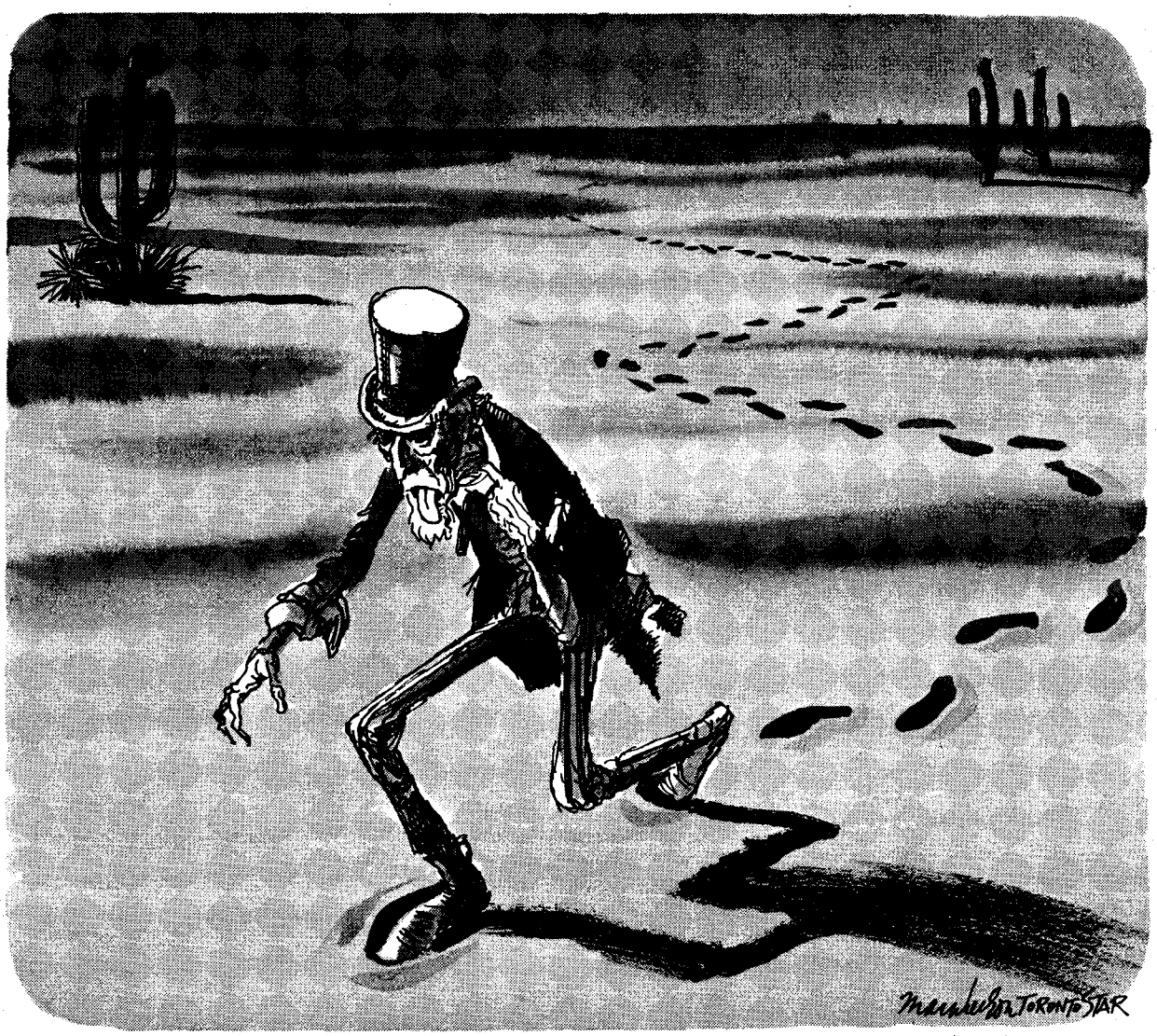
per capita increase—not a household increase—of 200 per cent in the 1980s alone is foreseen. In 1971, the country used 1.5 trillion kilowatt-hours of electric energy. In a single generation—that is, by the year 2000, the forecast calls for 10 trillion kilowatt-hours. At first glance, it might seem that an industry and its regulating government that was stumbling along in blackouts and brownouts and smog in 1971, while trying to stand up under 1.5 trillion kilowatt-hours, simply couldn't manage to meet the demands of 10 trillion in so short a time. But that is pessimist's talk. Under the Nixon energy policy, and in the view of economic progress that underlies the concept of America as Number One among nations, we are going to try. Even, one surmises, if we kill ourselves in the attempt.

Instead of becoming fainthearted and dropping our sights below that of 10 trillion kilowatts, we are going to apply our resources to developing new sources of energy, new technology to meet our projected quota. This is the old IBM, General Motors, marketing research way of getting things accomplished. True, it often results in new crises, the solution of which necessitates substantially increased prices to pay the costs of new research and technology to keep up with the demands for services and products generated by marketing efforts. All of this feverish activity expands the GNP, which each year shows us that, whatever adjustment and dislocations may have occurred in the process, we have bounced ahead of the year before.

First off, after fourteen years of telling Americans that it couldn't be done, we are going to cancel import quotas under which oil from abroad could not be sold in America because that might injure the domestic oil industry. Import quotas kept prices of petroleum products a good deal higher than they would otherwise have been, but that was the price—$2 billion a year, or thereabouts—consumers paid to encourage the U.S. oil industry to open up new sources of supply so that we would not grow too dependent on foreign oil, in case of a national emergency.

Second, it is proposed that regulation of natural gas prices be ended—for the same reason that we once had the import quotas: to encourage development of new sources of supply. Natural gas prices will go sky high and consumers will pay for the cost of extricating the country from a condition of shortages and high costs over which



OIL! OIL! OIL!

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they had no primary influence, and which the industry and the government produced. Consumers had a secondary responsibility in the matter, of course, in that they used their purchasing and credit power to buy up every energy-consuming product hawked on television.

Third, under the new Nixon programs the oil industry will get more subsidies in the form of tax credits. This largesse, too, is supposed to prod the industry into financing more drilling and more intensive searches for untapped oil fields. It is a gift added onto the present depreciation allowance which, it appears, was insufficient to provide the industry with quite enough encouragement. One need not be a card-carrying cynic to suggest that the additional subsidy might, possibly, be a payoff in return for the millions of dollars channeled by oil companies into the scandalous Nixon re-election campaign last year.

Former Federal Power Commissioner Lee White took inferential notice of the financial benefits to flow back to the oil companies when he said that the proposals "will increase prices, perhaps drastically. When I boil it down, we're being asked to pay more money, postpone air quality objectives . . . but nowhere do I detect where the energy industry is being asked to do anything."

The President called for the postponement of upgraded clean-air standards, as Lee White said, but he made up for it in his customary way by establishing an Office of Energy Conservation in the Interior Department to coordinate the exploitation of fuels resources. Interior Secretary Rogers C. B. Morton is to help the new agency along by redoubling his efforts to get the trans-Alaska pipeline, stalled for years by conservation issues, moving ahead with all possible dispatch. Morton is also directed to triple the acreage leased for offshore exploration on the Outer Continental Shelf in the next six years—as part of the energy conservation movement.

Except for a couple of passing references, injected to observe the proprieties, there is virtually nothing of substance in the Nixon policy to conserve anything. It is calculated to keep energy usage expanding just as it has been doing for all of the 20th century.

All of the programs and proposals deal with finding sources of energy supply to satisfy the known and projected demand. None of them touches upon the most fundamental issue that cuts across the whole energy-power spectrum—wanton, mindless waste.

The reality of waste was acknowledged by the President, but in a manner to suggest that he had only a nodding acquaintance with it. He called upon industry to make more efficient products and encouraged voluntary efforts to save energy. People can help, he said, "by turning out lights, tuning up automobiles, reducing use of air conditioning and heating, and purchasing products which use energy efficiently." Presumably, the President will join this volunteer effort by stopping the highly publicized practice of lighting up cheerful, crackling blazes in the White House fireplaces on warm days, thus necessitating the simultaneous use of air conditioning to reduce excessive heat.

The new energy policy commits the government to sponsor "a voluntary system of energy efficiency labels for major appliances" to guide consumers toward products that perform with minimal consumption of electricity. Restraint in the use of power is to be promoted by volunteerism, while official policy concurrently guarantees its proliferation.

No commitment to an encompassing research program made its way into the policy message. No indication that Detroit might be asked to reduce the horsepower or improve the efficiency ratio of its vehicles. No creative plans to develop oil and gas from coal or oil-shale deposits—at least not yet. No questioning of a value system that puts a premium on status consumption. The folly of pressing for voluntary restraint while promoting its defeat was cited before Mr. Nixon disclosed his program by Joseph C. Swidler, a former Federal Power commissioner and present chairman of the New York State Public Service Commission. Preparing a "save energy" program of his own that would require legislation and executive action, Mr. Swidler said voluntary efforts simply do not work.

Because transportation, largely by automobile, consumes 25 per cent of the nation's energy resources, enforcement of restraint should begin there. "Present-day automobile engines are grossly oversized," Swidler said. Only government action can enforce "efficiency requirements, weight limits and horsepower limitations on cars" —an obvious conclusion that the White House failed to reach. "Many of the cars being built now will wind up in storage for lack of gasoline."

Swidler, speaking before a seminar of environmentalists, architects and electric utility executives, cited another cause of the needless waste of power: poorly designed and insulated structures from which escapes enough warmth to heat up "the great outdoors." That is another obvious fact of life that is widely known and as widely ignored. Nearly every big city has its share of large, thin-skinned buildings with sealed windows, or no windows at all, that take little advantage of natural lighting, cooling air, or warmth from the sun. It is not uncommon in such structures for the heat to be turned on at the shadowed end of the building while another sector, exposed to the sun, requires air conditioning. In defense of the practice, it must be admitted that it allows for the filtering of polluted air—another example of how the solution to one problem exacerbates another.

Swidler, among many others, argues that heavy penalty taxes ought to be imposed on the use of energy that lacks social merit. In his case, the idea has the validity of coming from a man experienced in government regulations who for years administered agencies opposed to any such scheme. While the idea is gaining adherents, it would not by itself do much to curtail consumption among the element of society that subscribes to the jet-set slogan: "If you've got it, flaunt it."

No one with broad knowledge of the ramifications of the energy explosion—no one, that is, free of vested interest in the issue—any longer denies that a multifaceted approach is mandatory for national well-being. It should encompass research, monitoring, regulation and government action.

Research. A national commitment of funds, at least $10 billion for a start, to study the feasibility of exotic and low-pollution forms of generating power: geothermal,

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ocean tides, extraction of fuels from oil shale, coal, fusion, the sun, higher efficiency ratios from uranium and other fuels, and the like. Concurrently, a search must be undertaken in the opposite direction for ways to get along on less energy—a challenge to the assumption that exponential growth goes hand in hand with civilized progress.

Monitoring. An independent group in the plant, to observe and retrieve data, current or projected, within corporations. Much essential information is concealed by energy corporations on the ground that disclosure would undercut competitive advantage. For years, the sole source of data on natural gas supply, and estimates of future deposits, has been the industry itself. The government knew for the most part only what was voluntarily reported by producers, and otherwise unconfirmed. Oil companies, through merger and purchase, have been gaining interests in fuels intended to be competitive. The practice of buying up competitors and calling it diversification exceeds all bounds, and has all but crushed independent producers. Conglomerates are thus able to exploit and promote high-profit fuels while neglecting others—coal, for example, which is available in relative abundance.

Barry Commoner concludes in *The Closing Circle*: "What is real in our lives is the apparently hopeless inertia of the economic and political system; its fantastic agility in sliding away from the basic issues which logic reveals; the selfish maneuvering of those in power."*

A system of monitoring that might help is proposed by Robert Townsend, former corporate manager of Avis car rental, and author of a couple of books dealing with management fallacies. Townsend, a maverick among business executives, thinks large corporations need scrutiny on a day-to-day basis, with professional monitors quartered at general headquarters and given access to every secret and detail of management. As a beginning, he would require every corporation with $1 billion in assets to provide $1 million a year to support an office and staff for a public director. That is a variation on one of Ralph Nader's themes.

The public director would take a salary of $50,000 a year and spend the rest on scientists, engineers, lawyers, accountants and investigators to develop answers to questions the company was not asking. No door or file would be closed to the director, who would be required to call two press conferences a year and file public reports on the company's progress, or lack of it, in areas of interest to society and the country.

Another promising, even imaginative, form of monitoring, not limited to the internal watchdogging proposed by Townsend, is the Public Equity Corporation, now in process of formation and funding. It has been developed by Thomas B. Mechling, a former corporate executive for IBM and Xerox and now a public affairs consultant. Public Equity Corporation will institute class-action litigation against either corporate or government transgressions that measurably inflict damages on people or the environment. It would offer an avenue of redress for individuals who, acting alone, lack financial resources to institute recovery action. It offers the prospect of a public corporation filing class-action suits against other corporations, with Public Equity representing its own version of the public interest.

Regulation. A broadened concept of regulation is necessary to determine in the public interest the purpose for which new demands on energy resources are to be permitted. At the household level, where 31 per cent of electric power is consumed, an allocation would be made of, let us say, 10,000 kilowatt-hours per year. This might be viewed as an electric current income, to be spent as choice dictated. But to put a restraint on runaway energy "inflation" the household could add an energy-consuming product or service only by cutting back on other uses and remaining within its power budget. It is not suggested that the household be frozen permanently at the 10,000-kilowatt level, but that the increase be limited to 1 to 2 per cent a year.

As for commercial and industrial consumers, some aspect of controlled disbursement, of judgment related to the social merit of production, would apply. Appropriate variables would be allowed, but they would have to fall within the defined criteria of public policy. With limits of this kind in effect, there is little doubt that manufacturers of energy-consuming devices, including automobiles, would be motivated to search for improved design.

Government action. Much of the foregoing necessarily involves government action of the sort ignored in the Nixon policy message. But of immediate and crucial importance is a national network, or grid, to be put at the service of every power plant in the country—or extended to the continent. Blackouts and power shortages invariably occur in one or more areas at moments when other regions have on hand reserve generating capacity—sometimes a lot of it. A government-owned and fully connected transmission network, which does not now exist, could disburse reserve generating capacity to those faltering or browned-out by technical failure or excessive demand.

It is wholly inconsistent with optimum design and efficiency for each utility to own its transmission lines exclusively, withholding them from the process of switching reserve power from one region to another. Such exchanges are accomplished by prior agreements between adjoining franchise districts, but the practice is severely limited.

Probably the strongest resistance to a national grid comes from the private utilities themselves and from the investment banking houses that sell them capital and credit for plant expansion. Any utility hooked into a grid and therefore in a position to receive power in peak-load periods or in an emergency from generating plants hundreds of miles away would have less need to be continuously adding facilities to provide all the energy demanded all of the time in its own franchised area. Thus its capital base and, consequently, the base on which its rates are computed, would not expand as fast as they do under conditions of autonomous monopoly. The gross national product might not increase quite as fast as it does now, but that is a fake measure of national well-being anyway.

At worst, the Nixon energy policy is an exercise in political duplicity. At best, the answers it provides do not address themselves to the question of the energy crisis—not challenge—that is descending with crippling and enormously costly effect on this nation. □

*This quoted passage and what follows as proposals for reform are abstracted from the final chapter of the writer's recently published *Brown-Out: The Power Crisis In America.*

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PHILIPPINE QUAGMIRE

MARCOS AFTER SIX MONTHS

DANIEL B. SCHIRMER

Judging from the surrounding circumstances and from the words and deeds of the man himself, President Ferdinand Marcos declared martial law in the Philippines last September to improve the climate for foreign investment, to usher in a "New Society" based on land reform, to keep himself in power, and to check popular and nationalist unrest. After more than six months of martial law, how have these purposes been served?

Last August the Philippine Supreme Court, responding to a growing nationalism, declared that the privileged position of U.S. businessmen must come to an end in 1974 (with the expiration at that time of the 1947 Parity Amendment, which gave U.S. nationals the same rights as Filipinos to the exploitation of land and natural resources). Moreover, the court declared that after that date no U.S. national could own land in the Philippines or hold an executive position in a corporation doing business there.

These decisions were a shock to U.S. business, which controls a Philippine investment estimated at from $1 billion to $3 billion. Shortly after the court announced its findings, a group of U. S. corporate executives flew to Manila to confer with Marcos. On this delegation were representatives of the oil industry, which has a stake of $400 million in the Philippines (the largest single bloc of U. S. investment).

On September 21 Marcos declared martial law. A few days later he called in U.S. journalists to tell them that, under martial law, he was, in effect, overturning the controversial Supreme Court decisions: U. S. nationals could dispose of land over a long period of time, they could enjoy executive positions, and their investments would be protected after 1974. Reporting the interview for the *San Francisco Examiner*, Keyes Beech wrote: "President Ferdinand Marcos promised to protect a $1 billion American economic stake in the Philippines in return for tacit U. S. approval of martial law." Shortly thereafter the U. S. Chamber of Commerce in Manila declared its support for martial law.

Since proclaiming martial law, Marcos has shown special concern for the U.S. oil industry, represented in the Philippines by Esso, Gulf, Caltex, Getty and other firms. He has granted them a price increase and exempted them from legal restrictions (of nationalist inspiration) on foreign participation in retail trade. Only recently his administration signed leases—on generous terms—with Texaco and Chevron for exploitation of offshore oil resources. Such arrangements are made more easily under martial law, with the press censored and outstanding economic nationalists like Sen. José Diokno and Alejandro Lichauco behind bars.

The climate for foreign investment seems to have improved. Last month a U. S. correspondent who interviewed foreign businessmen in Manila got the impression that "the disappearance of the anti-foreign feeling that had been mounting . . . in the year preceding martial law" was "the most encouraging aspect" of the dictatorship. Since September, some forty U.S. firms have either started new enterprises in the Philippines or have said they would do so. On April 15 a UPI dispatch from Manila reported that General Imports, Ltd., a U. S. shoe firm, had promised Marcos "to make the Philippines their base of operations in Asia because of its favorable investment climate."

The Marcos-controlled Philippine press did not carry the news of his interview with U. S. journalists. On the other hand, in the first days of his present administration, Marcos was voluble in the press about his plans for reform, and took pains to identify martial law with agrarian reform.

The reason for this is obvious, given the facts about present-day Philippine society: 80 per cent of the 39 million Filipinos are malnourished, 30 per cent are unemployed or underemployed and the mass of the people are impoverished in contrast to a tiny minority of wealthy landlords and businessmen. At the root of these conditions is the country's agriculture, where the majority of the population earns its living either as debt-ridden tenant-farmers or as farm laborers earning from 50¢ to 60¢ a day.

Accordingly, the day after martial law took effect, Marcos declared the entire nation a land-reform area and a month later promised that within three years tenancy would be abolished throughout the country. Martial law would bring land to the landless. But Marcos bases his land-reform program on a law that has been on the books since 1963 (all during his previous terms in office) with meager results. Even if applied, this law would exempt from its operation extensive areas that produce the export crops of sugar, coconut and pineapple.

Be that as it may, Marcos vowed that by June 1973 some 500,000 hectares of rice lands would be transferred to 270,000 tenants (out of some 700,000 in all). As of the end of February, no tenant had received title to the land he tills; nor had the government even assembled lists of landed estates in those areas given "priority" rating for reform. In December, with considerable fanfare, Marcos gave 431 tenants "certificates of land transfer" (in effect, promissory notes that said tenants would become the owners of the land, if, by some period of time, they had made all the payments on the purchase price). Such has been the achievement of the military regime in land reform. Now even government

Daniel B. Schirmer, formerly a lecturer at Boston University, is the author of Republic or Empire: American Resistance to the Philippine War *(Schenkman).*

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press releases about land reform are slacking off in favor of news of the benefits anticipated from foreign investment. (Possibly related to this shift in emphasis is President Marcos' increasing reliance for support on the army command, many of whom came from landowning families.)

Immediately after instituting martial law Marcos imposed a curfew and banned private possession of firearms. When the crime rate thereupon dropped in Manila, middle-class Filipinos were reassured as to the efficacy of martial law. Now, administration supporters admit that the crime rate is back where it was before, but Marcos keeps such news out of the papers. Recently the Manila correspondent of *The Wall Street Journal* reported that the "'New Society' is mainly public relations rather than real reform."

Insofar as martial law has kept Marcos in power, it can be rated a success for him. Forbidden by statute from seeking a third term, he would have had to surrender in 1974 what has been for him a remunerative position as Chief Executive. His September declaration made that unnecessary, but Marcos has not left the matter there. In mid-January he declared popular ratification of a new constitution, under which he now rules both as President and as Premier. He declared, at the same time, that he would continue martial law as long as he sees fit. He has dismissed his Vice President (a member of the wealthy Lopez family) and assumed full power over the Supreme Court. The old constitution called for a meeting of the Congress in January; the new constitution calls for an interim legislative assembly. Marcos has canceled both.

In recent years, as a result of the difficult conditions in which many Filipinos find themselves, there has been a wave of popular and nationalist unrest—strikes, demonstrations, protests of all sorts, including the outbreak of guerrilla warfare. In an attempt to check this unrest Marcos outlawed strikes and demonstrations, banned freedom of speech and assembly, threw several thousand critics of his regime in jail and began offensive operations against guerrillas.

A check to social unrest is surely needed if foreign investment and Marcos' personal rule are to continue, but as yet there is no indication that martial law has achieved this goal. In fact, there are signs that, though popular discontent has been driven underground, it may very well have increased. Early this January Marcos lifted the restriction on freedom of speech, so that the Philippine people could inform themselves on the new constitution just completed by a constitutional convention. After this period of free discussion, he said, there would be a plebiscite on the constitution. But the opposition expressed to martial law and to the new constitution was so sharp and so widespread during the period of free speech that Marcos hurriedly called it off, canceled the plebiscite, and saw to it that meetings called "citizens' assemblies" ratified the new constitution in what *The New York Times* called "a pressured and manipulated expression of opinion."

Shortly after declaring martial law the regime drove 53,000 peasants from their homes in Isabela province, northern Luzon, claiming that their forcible relocation was necessary to scotch guerrilla activity in the area. If there has been little reported guerrilla activity in Luzon since then, the press has carried much news of Moslem guerrilla activity in Mindanao and the Sulu Islands, an unrest caused initially by Moslem charges of discrimination practiced by Christian Filipinos and foreign businessmen. Late in December Marcos offered certain concessions to the Moslems which succeeded only in splitting off the wealthy landowners from the guerrilla movement, leaving it in the hands of a younger, more

"Rejoice! I've Come to Save the Fair . . . Oops!"

revolutionary leadership. This leadership has called upon poor Christian peasants to join their Moslem counterparts in a struggle against landlords and foreign landgrabbers, irrespective of religion. Marcos has alternated "all-out offensives" against these guerrillas with offers of amnesty, so far without success in either case. At the end of March, the guerrillas were reported to operate uncontested on the sea and in the southern islands of the Sulu chain and in almost half of Mindanao.

The area of Moslem guerrilla warfare is marked by U.S. investment, large fruit and rubber plantations being owned there by Dole, Del Monte, Standard Fruit and by Goodrich, Goodyear and Firestone. Recently the Philippine armed forces are reported to have liberated the Goodrich rubber plantation on the island of Basilan from guerrilla control, but other U.S. investments are vulnerable.

Directing army tactics designed to remove this threat from Dole, Del Monte, etc., is Juan Ponce Enrile, Secretary of Defense. In private life Enrile is a corporation lawyer for Dole Pineapple (certainly a man of clear conscience, since there is absolutely no conflict of interest between his public and his private roles). However, the Philippine armed forces fight under the general direction of a resident U.S. military advisory group called JUSMAG, and the arms and equipment are supplied by the U.S. Government. During the past several years the U.S. military aid to the Philippines has averaged about $20 million annually. Now Marcos and Enrile

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call upon the United States to increase this aid (counting as arguments on their side the important Clark Air Force Base and the Subic Naval Base, both of which are located in the Philippines, in addition to the heavy U.S. investment).

That the Philippines now constitute an area of concern for Washington is indicated by the recent nomination of William H. Sullivan, one of the State Department's experts on counterinsurgency in Southeast Asia, as Ambassador to the Philippines. (A hint of what Sullivan's approach to the Philippine question may be can be found in his recent statement that the "justification" of the bombing of Cambodia lay in "the re-election of President Nixon.")

The villagers in the area of the fighting in Mindanao are reported to be less enthusiastic about the prospect of larger U.S. military aid. They say that the ponderous use of the equipment the army has is killing civilians and destroying their homes. U.S. taxpayers may also question the wisdom of U.S. military aid to Marcos. It carries with it the possibility of our involvement in the quagmire of another Vietnam. □

NOW THEY BUG THE COURTHOUSE

ANNA SKLAR

Los Angeles

In recent years, American courtrooms have on occasion been the setting for violence of the sort that increasingly characterizes this society. As a result, the authorities have taken security measures that in turn raise questions about the safeguarding of justice itself.

Leonard Boudin, chief counsel for Daniel Ellsberg in the Pentagon Papers trial in Los Angeles, filed a motion on April 9 requiring disclosure of any electronic surveillance of the defendants, their counsel or witnesses, which might have occurred in the corridors of the 9th District Federal Courthouse.

According to Judge William Matthew Byrne, Jr., presiding judge in the trial, the judges of the Los Angeles district court handed down an order in March that no audio channel be installed as part of the new closed-circuit television surveillance system. And, according to General Services Administration (GSA), responsible for maintenance of the U.S. courthouses, listening devices have never been part of the proposed system of security for the judges.

But despite official denials, the security system in Los Angeles, when first installed, did have sound capabilities. Various government employees could hear conversations that were picked up from the second-floor corridors outside the courtrooms, and these conversations were being monitored to the GSA office. Also, the head of the Drug Abuse and Law Enforcement Agency, whose offices are located in the federal courthouse, posted a memorandum warning his agents not to discuss aspects of any case in the corridors of the building, because of the new "electronic surveillance" equipment that had been installed. Reliable sources say that his major concern was that one of the agents might say something unpleasant about a judge, which conversation would be relayed back to the bench.

Congress, upon approval by the Justice Department, authorized and appropriated $1.6 million in 1971 for the installation of a "modest system of security" for the federal judiciary. According to Frank C. Sidella, press liaison for the U.S. Marshal's office, the costs of the systems vary with the locations. As "ball park" figures, he suggested $30,000 for a small court, such as the one in Seattle; $80,000 for Sacramento, and $200,000 for Los Angeles, where "we had some real problems." A quick exercise in addition promises costs for the security system far above the original $1.6 million appropriated.

But the problem is not really one of money. The worrisome question is, are the conversations of visitors to federal courthouses being regularly monitored and perhaps taped? On April 19, Judge Byrne reassured Mr. Boudin on the matter of audio surveillance, but elsewhere, particularly in San Diego and Sacramento, government officials have confirmed the existence of a two-way speaker system in the court corridors.

Moreover, Mr. Sidella has confirmed that some form of closed-circuit television surveillance has been installed in at least thirty-seven district courts.

And he added that all district courts will, in the near future, have some type of closed-circuit security system. Neither Sidella nor GSA spokesmen would reveal the specific components of the system.

The security program for judges and the district courts pose grave constitutional dangers, according to several attorneys. Most attorneys appear resigned to the installation of scanning cameras, hidden behind mirrored boxes so that people rarely know they are being observed. However, attorneys in the Public Defender's office in San Diego, as well as in Los Angeles, have expressed concern that the installation of audio monitoring devices can seriously jeopardize attorney-client privilege as well as the Fourth Amendment guarantee of rights against unreasonable searches and seizures.

The problem, of course, is who watches and perhaps listens to the monitoring receiver. According to Sidella, the security system will be jointly maintained and operated by the U.S. Marshal's office and the GSA. If tapes are made of individuals conferring in the corridors, what happens to these tapes? What assurances do people have that this system will not produce evidence which

Anna Sklar, a contributor to the Los Angeles Times *and the Los Angeles* Free Press, *is completing a book on the Pentagon Papers trial.*

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can later be used by the Justice Department to prosecute cases?

GSA is not providing specific details about the individual systems being installed. Chief Judge Alfred Lee Stephens (9th District Court, Los Angeles) will not talk to reporters about the system being installed there. So, the questions remain unanswered.

And in the Pentagon Papers trial, Judge Byrne is continuing to look into the matter of possible prejudice against the defendants Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony J. Russo. As Leonard Boudin said in arguing his motion, "It is precisely an investigation that is called for. The only people," he said, "who didn't know about the situation were the defense." □

HAVE THE BLACKS MADE IT?

Ben J. Wattenberg and Richard M. Scammon contributed to the April issue of Commentary *an article, "Black Progress and Liberal Rhetoric," which presented data to support their thesis that "enormous progress has been made by American blacks in the past decade, so much so that a thin majority of American blacks now belong to the middle class." But liberals, say the authors, have as a matter of policy ignored these gains, muting "any public acknowledgment or celebration of black accomplishments in order to maintain moral and political pressure on the Administration and on public opinion."*

Published below are two comments on the present status of black progress. They are written by members of Congress who have given substantial amounts of their attention to the subject. The two Congressmen are Charles B. Rangel, representing the 19th C.D., New York, and Andrew Young, representing the 5th C.D., Georgia. Representative Rangel is chairman of the Black Caucus' Subcommittee on Welfare and Drug Abuse. Representative Young was elected to Congress from Atlanta in the 1972 election; he is a former aide of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

1. The Verbal Cure

Rep. Charles B. Rangel

Poverty may soon disappear, if not from the country, at least from the vocabulary of official bureaucratese. There have been reports that a federal interagency committee is quietly studying the possibility of ending government use of the word. It would little surprise the 25.6 million poor Americans if they were, in fact, defined out of existence. Observing White House policies and priorities, they already question whether the President knows they are really here.

When the Subcommittee on Equal Opportunities of the House Committee on Education and Labor held hearings on the planned budget cuts, witness after witness decried the impact of Administration proposals on human needs. The word "adminicide" was used to describe the cutbacks in health, housing, job training, day care, education and senior citizen programs.

Poor Americans know how it feels to be put at the end of the line, to be forced to ride in the back of the bus of the country's conscience. They saw the Administration spend $425 million to bomb Hanoi for seventeen days during the 1972 Christmas season, while spending only $398 million a year for the entire community-action program in the United States. They are aware that the amount spent by the Pentagon on nuts and candy in the 1971-72 budget ($16.7 million) would fund the community-action programs in eight New York City neighborhoods. So there is no great shock in the nation that their very existence will be erased by the bureaucrats. There is outrage, though.

The current official definition of the poverty line for a nonfarm family of four in our country is a cash income of $4,137 a year. Maximum welfare payments for a family of four, COPE reports, range from $700 annually in Mississippi to more than $3,600 in a handful of Northern states. Even with rent subsidies, food stamps and Medicaid, poverty-level families fight a daily battle for survival. Mollie Orshansky, a HEW statistician, pointed out recently that the gap between poor and nonpoor Americans would be even greater if certain benefits received by middle-class families were computed as income: expense accounts, vacation pay, commodity discounts.

¶Abolish welfare for the rich? There is no word yet from the Administration on an end to tax loopholes and corporate subsidies.

¶A sweep of the White House wand and the Office of Economic Opportunity vanishes. It is uncertain whether the magic of the courts will be stronger than White House magic.

¶Abracadabra, and officials responsible for the Watergate espionage team are hidden in a puff of smoke. The magic of public opinion may blow the smoke away.

¶Presto, and the air bombardment of Cambodia is not an "act of war." Does Congress have anything up its sleeve?

¶My Lai, General Lavelle's unauthorized bombing missions over North Vietnam, broken Indian treaties—White House magic tries to wish them all away.

It is true, as the Administration contends, that "poverty" is a politicized, value-laden word. It is, however, the most accurate word for portraying what poor people face daily. Euphemisms cannot convey the reality of the slum housing where so many of my Harlem and East Harlem constituents live. Or the despair in New York City's public schools where reading levels continue to fall. Or the fear caused by the heroin plague which feeds on unemployment and racial discrimination. White House magic can't make *them* disappear overnight. □

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2. Up the Short Ladder

Rep. Andrew Young

Present-day economic policies have been disastrous for low-income and poor citizens—especially when one observes the suffering caused by the inequities of policies which have led to controls on wages, to soaring prices and to soaring profits. Those persons fortunate enough to have jobs are the main victims of this nation's "new economic innovations." At the lower end of the income scale wages have been held in check, but prices have obviously not been stabilized.

While workers have produced more goods and services —raising the gross national product by $100 billion in 1972 alone—the bulk of this increase shows up in record profit levels, which rose by 12 per cent in less than a year. This current rate of profit increase is vast, even considering the valid argument that some industries were due profit increases, i.e., the small farmer, baker, etc. When one analyzes the general economic picture, it would appear that what could be called "middle-class" blacks are moving ahead, but a number of critical events suggest another conclusion.

The implications of the high unemployment of young people and the effect of the housing slowdown and the recent recession on the general populace are potentially serious.

Blacks improved their relative economic position during the 1960s but their pace of advance, compared with that of whites, has slowed considerably in the last few years. Statistically, this can be measured by the absence of significant growth in the black labor force, near exclusion from the new job markets and skyrocketing black unemployment. As has been suggested by the recent Wattenberg-Scammon article, the black population does continue to make some progress up the occupational ladder. However, it is still climbing the ladder of little skill and little hope of advancement—the low-wage industries being its primary source of jobs.

Heretofore, the principal beneficiaries of federal programs have been the middle classes, black and white. And during the past few years, middle-class blacks have more and more achieved equality with whites of moderate income and in the large pool of social workers. Today, with the evident dismantling of these programs, the question is whether private industry can or will absorb this black managerial class.

Black and poor people have been warned by the President to "ask not what the government can do for you, but ask what you [poor people] can do for yourself." I ask what can the poor and blue-collar worker do for himself when a cruel and callous economic squeeze has been so tightly clamped about his life line? Or perhaps the President means, "You take care of yourselves and I will take care of the rich and established."

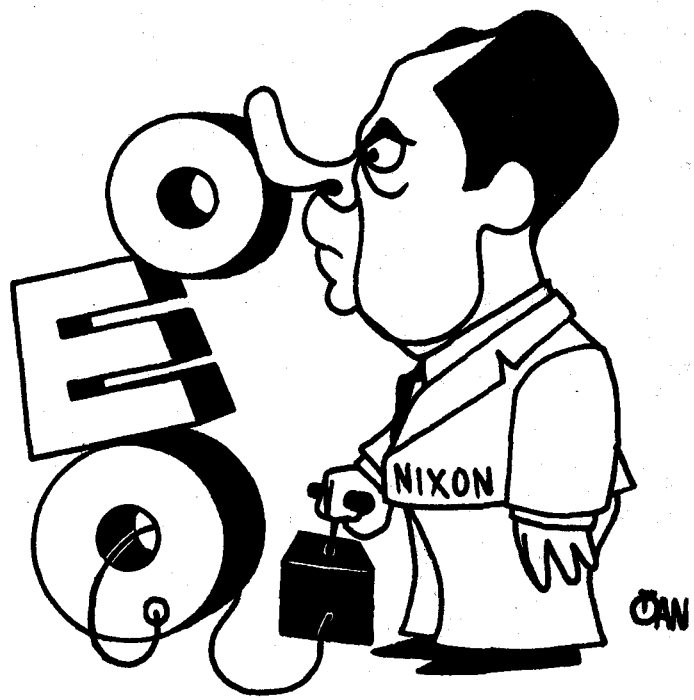
The poor and working classes will not be able to "do for themselves" because:

¶Their jobs are the ones most adversely affected by Nixon policies. Unemployment in the inner city, where the nation's poor generally live, has soared to postwar highs at least double the national average.

¶Fiscal policy must be more than a central instrument of economic policy. Realistically, it must serve as an instrument for social practice as well. The proposed fiscal 1974 budget is obviously the most anti-people budget in modern history. It is clearly not anti-inflationary and it is clearly not equitable.

¶The blacks, the poor and the aged have few advocates within the Administration or on the agencies created to administer the overall economic policies.

I would not want to deny that the black population lives today at standards that are much better than those of their forefathers. However, this says little about levels of income, education and job patterns. Recent reports, and specifically the Wattenberg-Scammon article, are grossly misleading with reference to upward mobility and the black community at large.



The "black middle class" has come into being only because there are black men and women so committed to educating their children and living in a decent home and eating a balanced diet that they choose to work at two, sometimes three, jobs in order to make ends meet.

Today, the economic life of the working-class community looks promising for no one, black or white—except for the rich.

I see it as ultimately important that this country make a directional shift toward an economy that is based upon maximum use of goods, services and production. And we can't do that and maintain our present definitions of "full employment." We can't do that and continue to overextend ourselves militarily abroad. I ask, "Black Progress and Liberal Rhetoric?"—or "Black Promises and Liberal Disgust?" □

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'I CAN'T COMPLAIN'

HOW A WRITER LIVES IN PRAGUE

LUDVIK VACULIK **An Interview**

Ludvík Vaculík is known in the West as the author of the "Prague Two-Thousand-Word Manifesto." Born in Moravia in 1926, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker and at the same time completed a course at the Special School for Export Trade, in Zlín. He later studied at the Prague School for Political and Social Sciences, and in 1959 was working with the Youth Program of the Czechoslovak State Radio. In 1965, Vaculík was appointed editor of Literární listy, *which post he held until the paper was suppressed in 1968. Since then, he has contrived to remain "at liberty" in Prague, writing but unable to be published in his own country.*

The Guinea Pigs, *Ludvík Vaculík's third novel, is published here this month by The Third Press.*

Q. Nothing you write can be published in your own country. Is that the result of a formal prohibition—say, by a court of law—or is it a matter of discrimination that is officially justified by rationalizations and excuses?*

A. I was never informed of any such prohibition, but I am convinced there is one. All the publishing houses did in fact turn down my latest book with a bunch of excuses. Anyone who might make an attempt to publish something of mine would certainly fall victim of disciplinary action on the job, if he did not lose his job outright. You say "court of law" because you're young, and mainly because you're from another country. You probably imagine some kind of public hearing, with evidence, motives, the testimony and opinions of experts, with the whole thing possibly culminating in the vindication of the innocent, likeable author. That's the way a Swiss might imagine it. But Switzerland is an innocent country, not too important from the point of view of military strategy. It follows, then, that there the military strategic importance of books, and consequently their political significance, is much less pronounced.

Q. Is it difficult for you and your work, not being able to publish in Czechoslovakia? Does publishing your work in the West mean a lot to you?

A. One writes for readers among his own countrymen. Only a Czech reader can determine whether a given thing of mine is good, both as to content and as to style. So until a book of mine is published in Czech, and on Czech soil, I won't know just how I'm doing. Any success I might achieve abroad is only a consolation in misfortune, and a significant means to ward off the poverty that is officially wished on me.

Success? I used a strong word there. Let's just say a certain degree of interest. My Swiss publisher is trying to convince me that the sale of several thousand copies of my book is pretty decent. I don't want to deprive him of his optimism, so I'm not telling him what I think about it. But in our situation, the commercial aspect is not the most important. For us, the main thing, the most valuable thing, is to be able to make one's existence known, to show that one has not disappeared behind bars or quit writing. Actually, what we are doing is testifying to conditions that are better than many people expected. In the broader sense, this unprecedentedly systematic effort on the part of our host publishers is significant in that it permits a Czech author to contribute—obstacles notwithstanding—to the formation of a pan-European consciousness. Which is perhaps in keeping with the call for security and cooperation in Europe.

But what I do consider unfortunate is when foreign critics judge the quality of a Czech literary work exclusively by the degree to which it "settles accounts with illusions about socialism," or by the acerbity with which it stands up to the regime here. I cannot use the foreign book market to stand up to the regime, nor do I want to. What I ask most fervently for myself is that I be able to concentrate on creating something beautiful, something inspiring, and something of lasting value, something that won't even remind the reader of the regime. I want to write as if current conditions did not exist, or as if I felt at ease with them. You see, if a person feels obliged to write exclusively against the government, he has actually submitted to the government's prohibition to write about other things.

Q. Does that mean that you are opposed to literature with a political commitment?

A. No, I'm not. But I am wondering just where literature would be right to make its commitment. Even under conditions of maximum freedom, there is hardly an author who would have anything to say that is new in the area of "account-settling" literature. And I am afraid that the more sophisticated of Western readers must view Eastern writing about regimes as an eternal babbling about one thing, that he must listen to it with indulgent forbearance. No, the theme must be elsewhere, closer to fundamental human motives. It includes the impulses of man's soul, both for good and for evil; man's instincts, his fears, joy in physical motion and activity, his desire for self-assertion, and so forth. It rests in the nature of people, then.

In addition to geographic and historic sources, regimes are above all the products of the nature of human beings, their sum total and the conflicts among them. One regime may be quicker to inspire the good and positive aspects of people, while another may evoke the negative ones. History bears witness to how the mechanism of fear progresses from the threat of violence: first there is the desire to save oneself by denying one's own convictions, followed by the tendency to denounce one's fellow man, and culminating in personal revenge on one's

*The interviewer is a young Swiss journalist who is still writing from Czechoslovakia and therefore does not wish to be identified. The translation is by Káca Poláckova.

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weaker competitors, when primary political interests are no longer on a conscious level. Such moral diarrhea can, if you please, occur in any land, and I would go so far as to say that it *has* occurred in every land. Only the inhabitants of regions so insignificant that they have escaped the superpowers' desire for subjugation can conceivably maintain that such failure could not seize their society as a whole, and can restrict their individual corruption to a more tasteful socio-economic stratum.

Q. I don't know that people will understand just what you mean by that.

A. What I mean is that I am fed up with people on the outside viewing us as being exceptionally unfortunate. We still are a part of Europe, we have a European regime that was assigned to us once upon a time. We have proved that we have a different one in mind, and proved our desire to install it. We simply underestimated certain objective realities, and accepting the consequences is more powerful evidence of greatness than is sitting back comfortably and observing us.

Q. Do you feel isolated? Do you think your fellow citizens would identify with your ideas if you could publish them? Do people often speak to you on the street?

A. I do not feel isolated. In private, people still find ways to express their good will toward me; they sometimes even help me. Like dentists doing a more careful job on my teeth, or, when I want to buy a newspaper, the women at the newsstands telling me that it's a waste of money; the plumber not wanting to accept a tip from me, etc. If I were able to publish what I write, some people would agree and some would not. No author cares for the approval of all readers, he cares only for the ones who are capable of understanding him correctly. I think that if I were allowed to write for newspapers, the people who would surely be antagonized by my work are the ones who tend to succumb to mass psychoses.

Aside from people who know me personally, no one approaches me on the street, because few people know what I look like. And people who know me? They ask me how I am. I reply that I can't complain. There's no one to complain to.

Q. Do you feel that you are under observation?

A. Yes, I do feel that I am under observation. I feel that my telephone conversations are listened to, I feel that mail from abroad is checked, I feel that author's copies of my books are confiscated without the prescribed notification and explanation. In our family, we bear this in mind. Some conversations are carried on just for the fun of teasing the uninvited listener. As to important things, we write each other notes and flush the papers down the toilet, but we won't be able to do that after this interview, because maybe they'll attach a container onto our drain—employing a plumber of a different conviction.

I repeat, I feel that I am under observation, but I do not say that I am under observation. In other words, I am testifying to my personal feelings, not to external realities. If I were to maintain that I am under observation, I might get into difficulties against which there wouldn't be any defense. That is, I think there wouldn't. If I found I were not under observation, I would be quite surprised, but I would be pleased, too; for which fact I apologize publicly to my anonymous observer.

Q. In your "Manifesto of Two-Thousand-Words," you accused the Novotny regime of having destroyed public morality. Do you see any difference between that government and the current one in that sphere?

A. I have developed an allergy to the number "2,000." I even cringe when someone says he drove 2,000 kilometers, and I would cringe if the mailman were to bring me 2,000 crowns. I don't know how I could give you an answer that would be in keeping with the law, and so let's just forget it.

Q. It seems that even the bravest opponents of the regime demonstrate extreme caution not to overstep the bounds of the law. But hasn't this regime exercised such despotism with respect to the laws that there is reason to doubt whether there is any objective content to the concept of legality any more?

A. First of all, I do not belong among the ones whom you have labeled "the bravest opponents." But I do consider myself one of the legalists. Not because the legality of my conduct would automatically protect me from any mishap, but because I have to have something to follow if I am to continue to think and act at all.

At all the interrogations to which I have been called, whether as a witness or as the accused—it is a year since I was called to testify—the interrogators always stressed that no one is prosecuted for his opinions, only for violating the law. And as a matter of fact, they themselves behaved decently, with one sole exception. To tell the truth, it was the only official place where I had the opportunity to express myself, and where they are still interested in hearing my opinions. I got the impression that those men would never violate the law themselves, without explicit orders. Today, they are people trained in the law, or even with an education in the law, who have before them the cases of the 1950s as a warning.

Today, ugly deeds are not characteristic of the prisons but rather of the tranquil civic existence of those who are not in prison. They occur not on an official level but only on local, for the most part industrial levels. They concern relations at work, and even private ones, where the case frequently cannot even be subsumed by a specific law. People pursue that sort of behavior to the degree that they themselves are ugly people. Usually according to the rule of "low man out." It is wrong to say that there is no defense here. Within the last year, I personally heard of two cases where going to court helped. I think that if a person is certain that he has been a victim of injustice, but is afraid to call upon the law, he joins the ranks of those who were guilty of the injustice.

I want to cite a single example where, in my opinion, an organ of the state, a court, failed—let me correct that, distressed me. My rather incorrigible friend Ludek Pachman, grand master of the game of chess, was convicted, in part, of sedition. The charge was that he had committed the crime of sedition by making certain inflammatory statements in a German-language interview for a Dutch radio broadcast. His attorney defended him by saying that, according to the Czechoslovak law, it is impossible

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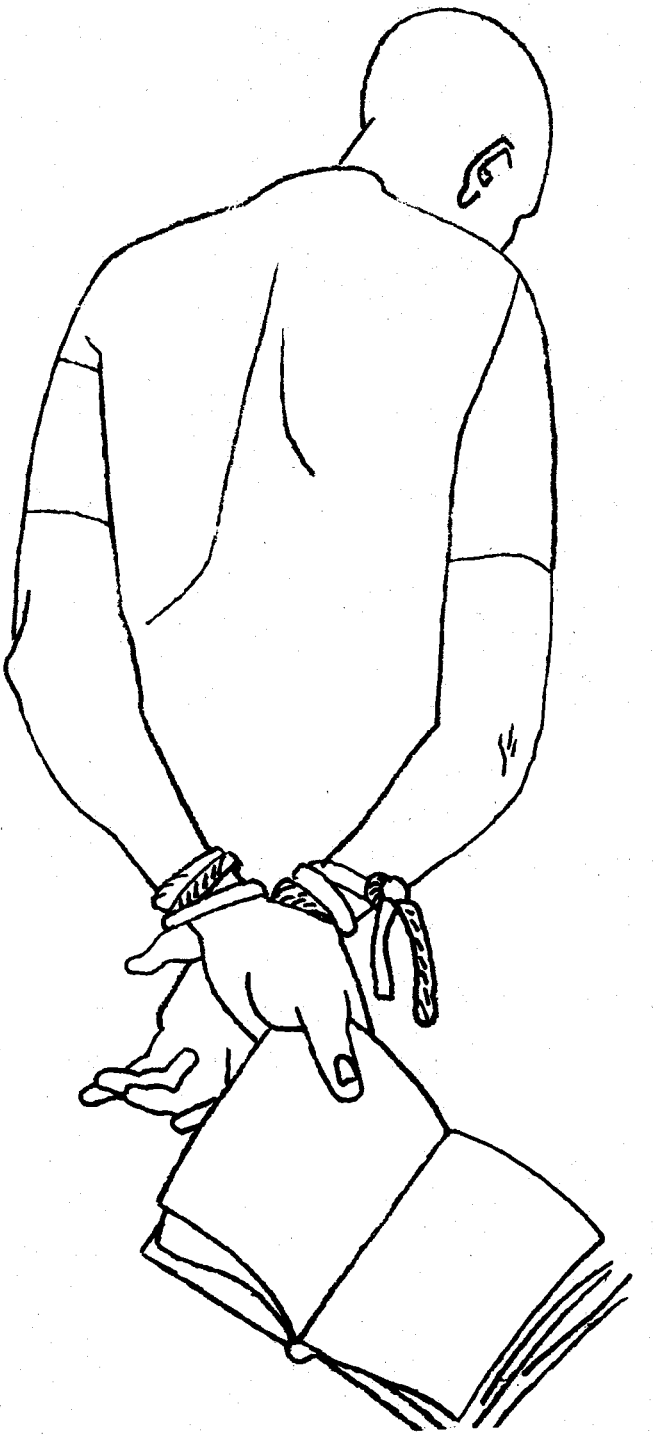
to commit sedition by rousing the Dutch, and that the prosecution had not presented any evidence that anyone in Czechoslovakia had heard the broadcast.

To the objection that two Czechs had been present at the taping, he countered that they did not understand German, and so could not be the objects of sedition. The defense attorney said that, but it was as if he hadn't said a word. Maybe he made a mistake of some sort, so that the court did not understand the meaning of his words. That I can't judge, because I was not present, although I did in fact go there, since court actions are public. But they didn't let me in; they admitted only people whom they selected from the large crowd that had gathered to attend the hearing in the small courtroom. So I am just telling what happened from what Pachman told me, and I don't believe his words entirely, because they are the words of someone who has been legally convicted of a crime. Still, it is not my fault that I do not have access to more precise information, which has not been classified as secret.

In other words, temporarily and in individual cases, the path to justice can be a civil disappointment, but that doesn't mean that the law is null and void. I am convinced that a struggle is going on at the supreme level in our country for precise adherence to the law. And I have faith in the positive development of our national agencies: if they recognize that political, moral and ultimately even economic injustice and damage are being done, the officials who, after due consideration are found guilty, will suffer the most severe consequences.

So that a person ought to demonstrate faith in the law. He should not circumvent laws; he should, on the contrary, touch them without breaking them, so that they do not lose their sensitivity and, ultimately, wither away and die. Of course, that could prove hazardous, should the behavior of a man determined to inhabit the entire region delimited by the law be interpreted differently from the way he sees it himself. When, for instance, I discovered that the lights are on all night long in the cells at Ruzyne, when one colleague told me that he suffered so badly from the cold there that he got a kidney infection and that his lung condition became aggravated; when another friend of mine there was not permitted to receive a package from home after several months of being held for interrogation, and his wife couldn't even visit him, I was indignant. Detention, as one interrogator once told me, should not entail greater restraints than are necessary.

I felt like sitting down then and there and writing some sort of petition, asking that parliament see to prison conditions. A good Communist in a capitalist state would have done just that. But I changed my mind. Twice in the last three years, I signed my name to something that I intended as a petition. For the first case, I am being prosecuted, and the case is not yet closed, and for the second, I was called to a hearing, once again very decent and conducted at a level where my opinions were respected. But who is going to keep doing normal, permissible things and at the same time be afraid? Can you ask that of people? Now I am afraid again. I am responding to your questions because they are pertinent, and because I actually have no reason not to answer them, except for that fear. True, I could tell you that I can't talk to you about it, or that you shouldn't publish it anywhere. But you are young, maybe you are rash, and you might then write that everybody here is afraid to open his trap.



Drawing by Gwathmey

I can tell from the questions you asked me outside the scope of this interview that, from the reticence of people here, you expected to find some sort of brutal tyranny, and on the other hand, you observe a lack of overt resistance. But the pattern is obsolete nowadays. If no one is on strike, the reasons for striking are probably weaker than the reasons for not striking. You say that you were here four years ago. You might perhaps corroborate my conviction that I am right in feeling that, from the material point of view, the average citizen lives

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a fuller life. And you don't even know the rural regions, where everyone is building something for himself. The inner price, that would be another question entirely.

Today, when surveillance and control have reached a point where it is technically and morally possible to install a special container under somebody's toilet, underground activity in the classical sense is impossible, and it would be wrong to expect it of anyone. What we do have, and what has become a general practice, is a sort of would-be illegality, whereby—out of caution and unpleasant memories—people do covertly things that they could, in all legality, do openly. Whereupon the security apparatus has its conditioned reflexes. But I think that terribly many people are paid, essentially, for reporting: "They don't do anything; they just chew the fat." For instance, I don't know how you are going to get this interview—careful as I am to see to it that it is beyond reproach—out of the country. I am speaking to you the way I would have to talk to a reporter of *Rude Pravo,* too, and perhaps you understand, without taking offense, why I would prefer to talk to him rather than to a Western journalist. Because if someone should happen to find this interview on your person, lower-level officials will go for me before the higher-level ones are able to determine what it's all about. It just occurred to me what I'll probably do: I'll send a copy to our Prosecutor General, so that he can see that I have no dishonorable intentions, and that I have no desire to commit a criminal act.

I am trying to picture just which illegal act I might conceivably be suspected of, but also what I might in fact be guilty of, unconsciously and unwittingly: Sedition, according to paragraph 100 of the penal code? I'll read it over again to make sure that I'm not rousing anyone to do anything illegal, and don't you let anyone read it here, or send it to Radio Free Europe. Defamation of the republic, paragraph 102? I'll read it through again, and I think I'll delete the impression that the judge that tried Pachman made on me. Jeopardizing state secrets, paragraph 106? I don't know a thing, particularly since I was busted from first lieutenant to buck private in the army reserve. How about paragraph 112—damaging the interests of the republic abroad by disseminating false reports? I'll cross out anything I don't know for a fact, and avoid letting my answers sound like reports.

Now do you see how difficult it is to talk to you? And that is so even if the authorities abide strictly by the law. For that reason, I want to go back to a word that you used in your last question, a word that I would prefer to back away from. The word is "despotism." If you talk to anyone else here, try not to use words of that sort when the subject won't use them or can't use them, but is, for some reason, unable to refute them for you.

Strictly from the point of view of jurisprudence, legality, even here, is not an empty or undefinable term. It is just that it isn't very reassuring to rely on it. Of course, there is one legality that remains reliable, but that reminds me of a joke: A woman goes to a doctor and asks that he recommend an absolutely reliable contraceptive. "A glass of pure cold water," says the physician. "Wonderful, doctor! And do I take it before or after?" "Neither. Instead of!" That is approximately the situation that I feel I am in. The law gives me the right to my own convictions, but in the given situation, I see neither the place nor the time—at least a limited place and a set time—where and when I could stand up for them. I might even go and do it. An opinion that a person doesn't have the right to stick up for is a totally useless one. I'm going to have to ask the advice of people in positions that I respect: the President, the Chairman of the Supreme Court, the Prosecutor General, the Minister of Culture, maybe, and so forth. I haven't stolen anything, I didn't set fire to anybody's barn, I'll never kill anyone. I never even punched anybody from the radio station in the nose. I'm not asking for anything out of the ordinary. But I don't want to keep living like a bug that stops moving for fear of what's going to happen, and plays dead. What I need is the kind of legality that will let me do something here, and not in Switzerland, and not in prison. By doing something, I mean writing, and not shunting freight cars at the railyard. Nobody forces railroad shunters to write.

I am not waiting for anyone to offer me a job on a newspaper. But what I *am* waiting for, for instance, is the day when they will start making decisions about books as if they were books, and not as if they were revolvers: who can and who cannot be allowed to handle this object. I am waiting for editorial plans to be approved on the basis of traditional literary criteria, by cultural workers, people who themselves enjoy reading, and look forward to new books. In the meantime, it seems to me that editorial plans are being judged by people who enjoy reading only mystery stories, in which they can identify with cops; that they examine all other books with a surly growl to the effect that the fewer of them are published, the safer it will be all around. And so they are maintaining Czech culture in a sort of perpetual state of emergency. I hesitate over that metaphor, but upon due consideration, I am forced to stay with it: Yes, a culture is in a state of emergency when an author's bibliography can be handled as if it were his criminal record, when his next work is anticipated as if it were his next intended criminal act, one that must be prevented. Why is Ivan Klíma not permitted to publish even a book of children's stories? They turned down Jirí Sotola's historical novel *Chicken on a Spit,* a book that is beautifully written and in no way touches on contemporary conditions—just as his previous book didn't touch on them. It was published, but immediately thereafter it was banned and thrown out of libraries. It is called *The Society of Jesus,* a book of the type that I was talking about a while ago, wise, tranquil, without any symptoms of the neurosis of our times, an exalted work of art. Alexandr Kliment, who is a receptionist at the Hotel Praha and thus earning the right to spend at least his free time writing, cannot earn the right to have what he writes judged purely on its literary merits. Pavel Kohout recently showed me reams of the correspondence that he is carrying on with a variety of authorities who, in his opinion, are making his life as an author difficult.

I have named those authors because their milk is spilt, and their cup is smashed. I could name at least twenty more, but I don't want their cups to get broken like those of us who decided, even against the wishes of those who wish us ill, to publish abroad, on the basis of legally concluded contracts. But I shall mention one of them

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after all. He is Jaroslav Seifert, a real poet of the nation, who was even honored with the official title "National Artist." A year ago, he turned 70. A book of his was published at that time, a new edition of older poems that have become classics. The last sheet of the book had to be removed and reprinted: it was not permitted that the colophon (printed on the last page of a book in Czechoslovakia) include the statement that the book was being published on the occasion of the poet's 70th birthday. Even when they present congratulations, they have to present an insult as well! True, when I first heard of this incident, I took a different view. I saw it as a small but valuable success: someone had succeeded, by means of a compromise, in getting an older book published for the National Artist. Nonsense! Why, things have only gotten worse since then. No, it was not a success, but another humiliation! No, Jaroslav Seifert has the right to publish his new, just completed collection of poems entitled *The Plague Marker,* in which the value of human life is judged from a position far, far above all the now extinct regimes that this old man has survived. And naturally, the nation has the right to see these poems. To top it off, their right is official, in view of the official title of the poet.

Yesterday I ran into a friend of mine, a Czech writer. He asked me how I am, I replied that I can't complain and I asked him how he is. He replied that things are still okay, but that they would get worse after New Year's. He works at the publishing house where he used to have a position of importance; now he is a proofreader. And he had just heard that starting next year, he would not be permitted to do even that. As I walked away, with every step I took I kept getting madder. The autumn sun is shining broadly and they take off in pursuit of one man as if they had just been let out of a corral. Does that mean they want to continue the state of emergency into another year? After that encounter, I made up my mind that I would answer your questions, although, as you know, I originally didn't see any point to it. A Czech author can't even be a proofreader any more? Not even a proofreader? I won't let it go at that.

You will notice that I am not talking about what happened years ago, I am not trying to defend anyone's political past, and I am not concerned with Jaroslav Seifert as the head of the liquidated Union of Writers. In politics, you win or you lose, and a loss has its consequences even in cultural policy. But there is a difference between cultural policy and noncultural revenge. What do those avengers expect? That we will all get used to it in the end? Why don't they do nice things and say wise words, since they have the sole right to speak? Who is going to thank them for what they are doing, and what will remain of them in time? In time, when Jaroslav Seifert dies, his grave will have a stone on it. Maybe the stone will only have his name carved on it, but everyone will know who he was. In time, when the people who today decide whether Seifert may publish or not are dead, no one will know what they were. But I'm going to see that justice is served, if I live that long. I'm going to carve a footnote on their tombstone. Or someone else will.

It might sound like a paradox, but even this kind of example testifies to the authority of the law, to the fact that laws are respected or feared. Because no one dares to justify any such action with an explicit law. All of it occurs on the basis of someone's internal instructions, orders and classified directives. You don't know what it is that you're tangled up in, or where you should go to defend yourself. You feel like picking up a club and smashing your way out. Where to? To jail or the nuthouse, because then you would be violating the law. Czechoslovakia has about 15 million inhabitants. This spring, I heard some place that the bank has some kind of list of fifteen people to whom it will not, or must not, transfer funds from foreign royalties under the same conditions and at the same exchange rates that apply for the rest of the inhabitants. So I wrote a letter to the Zivnostenská Banka [Tradesmen's Bank], asking that they acquaint me with the new ruling. I was surprised by the contents of the reply, because the bank had not understood my inquiry and was answering an entirely different question.

I hurried to rephrase my request, in words of one syllable: would they please tell me clearly if they would pay me money sent to me from abroad. The reply, dated July 7, 1972, began with a sentence the like of which has probably not left the typing pool of the bank since the year 1868: ". . . unfortunately we are not in possession of requisite data to furnish the information required by you." I arrived at a conclusion that the Good Soldier Schweik would have formulated, "Sure as hell, I was one in a million too." Naturally, if I am denied communication with the bank, I have to act like a man in a land that hasn't even got a piggy bank. So I sent word to my publishers to send me my money by someone who will be traveling here anyway. I only hope that that's legal.

Later on, I heard that the regulations in existence to date had been amended to the effect that the Minister of Finance may establish exceptions. But I don't believe that, because anyone who says that is making a fool of the minister. The minister knows that by a simple amendment to an instruction, he cannot invalidate constitutional laws for fifteen people in the republic. Oh, I just had an idea! You can help me; You can see to it that I get a fee for this interview. Not much, say 15 francs. That will show me what's what. And I'll let you know the outcome on a postcard. If the gossip proves true, after all, I know what I have to worry about next: when I come to the train station, the man selling tickets will tell me that I have been barred from regular railway travel, and that I should travel on the cowcatcher like a black slave. Correction: like the figure of a black slave in 19th-century American literature (paragraph 198 of the penal code: racial disparagement).

Q. It seems to me that this society suffers a profound tension, but that the conflicts are not on the outside, in the sphere of interpersonal relations, but rather inside, in the individual sphere of the psyche. According to the psychologically oriented sociology that influences the thinking of Western intellectuals, this system would have to increase the incidence of mental disturbances.

A. I think you are right. Personally I can feel my inner weariness attacking me. That is the Biblical demon in his contemporary form: he doesn't even bother to promise anything tempting to people of my type. Resisting him

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inside yourself, and nowhere else, that can truly lead to mental disturbance. The healthy thing to do is to project him outside yourself, into something external, that you can still do something with. For most people who have maintained their good intentions, it is probably work of some sort: I would study this field or the other, although my demon wants me to be an ignoramus; I would do a good job of my work, although my demon tells me that no one will pay me adequately, while others get paid for doing nothing; I would speak to my children, when my demon maintains that it is dangerous to speak to strangers. After all, it *will* be work for a better state.

Q. How do you think things will develop?

A. I think that they will have to improve. There are people who expect a change to result from some strong influence from America, from stormy events in Asia, or from a beautiful resolution in some European capital. Others believe in a purgative collapse of our economy. All that is possible, but as for me, I think it is just a rationalization for fatigue and for an unwillingness to think through what your life will be in case everything stays the way it is. But for a practical man, a man of action, it is just this latter possibility that is the most realistic solution, the one that promises that anything will come of his life at all.

Occasionally I am approached by people who create moral problems for themselves out of fear that their activity in a certain position could be viewed by someone or other as "collaboration." I say that this expression, born under the German occupation, is not a correct one this time around. The determining factor is motivation, and then, the consequences. If someone tries, and succeeds, to discharge his responsibilities in such a manner that the people's faith in the future is fortified, if he can prevent injustice and damage from being done, and if in doing his job he creates values that develop into something beneficial to society, I don't know who would have the right to accuse him. But a person who takes advantage of the specifics of the times to make a career for himself at the expense of others, and to the detriment of all, he is an ordinary rascal, with no political qualification on the epithet. Things are not so wild here that a person does not have the choice of whether or not to be a rascal. Our torture is being carried out not with a white hot iron but with cold gray cash. And I wonder if it isn't masochistic torture more often than not.

People want to work in peace, and take pleasure and profit from the work they do. If things are the way they are, people have to make the best of them, the way they would make the best of it if they lived in a cave. If I have only one room to live in, I will at least sweep the floors, open the windows, decorate the walls. Even my somewhat incorrigible friend Pachman adhered to this principle, even when he was in jail. He was disgusted by the so-called Turkish toilet, i.e., a hole in the floor that you squat over. So he would turn a chair on its side over the hole, and, having asked his cellmates to look the other way, he would shit like a European. Would you call that "collaboration"?

During the last four years, I have been considering this: Ever since I was a youngster, I always thought that the world can be improved when better people—i.e., more educated, more noble, more unselfish, etc., people—join forces and achieve a revolution. That was naive. A closer look at history, and time to think things over, have brought me to the conclusion that the world is improving to the same degree that the worst inhabitants of the world are getting better. In a direct conflict, the "better" ones have always been decimated, while the ones who came out on top were the other ones, the ones with a greater talent for government; at which point we shall stop referring to them as the "worse" ones, which irritates them, and truthfully call them the "stronger" ones, which they rather appreciate. For that matter, speaking of power and the ability to attain power, whom can we in truth call the "better ones?" The fact is that the world is improving far more slowly than we would need it to, but wherever that sort of improvement is achieved, things are more certain and secure. Didn't old Austria improve beautifully toward the end, after the defeat of the revolution in 1848? And isn't the famous Czech National Enlightenment of the latter half of the 19th century in fact the work of Czech post-revolutionary reactionaries? The victor does not remain unchanged when he walks away from his victory.

A good soccer player is supposed to know how to play with both feet. In practical history—as opposed to the history of ideas—sensible teams let the balls that came their way be handled by people who were able and willing to handle them. If what I am saying now were published here in my country, I think that I would have begun to antagonize my readership. I consider it absurd to try to get the people who are in the government out, and, from sheer opposition to them, to work against the government as such. What does make sense is to hope that they improve and that they finally get to feel comfortable where they are. I'm saying that for a purely personal reason: as long as they are up there, fighting one another for power and trying to trump one another with their strength, I could wind up in the clink. But if someone is firm and comfortable in the saddle, he can finally concentrate on his work. He will see that it isn't all that simple, that he has to choose people according to their abilities; he will want to come up with some worth-while results, and to be respected and honored for them. None but a stable government feels the need to strive for the confidence of as many citizens as possible. An unstable government just improvises, and a person can't get to first base with it. I think it is right not to surrender your right to criticize, not to take things lying down, but I also think it is right to be prepared to react positively to a positive impulse. Not to change yourself or anything in yourself, but to hold on to your abilities and be willing to contribute them to a cooperative effort.

So I expect improvement, essentially, both from the government and from the people who are in power. They, the so-called young cadres, will develop improved conditions here because they're going to need them when they get to the point of handling the more delicate tasks. If you're going to work, you have to use your brain. And the brain is an old, corrigible, but indestructible revisionist. Correction: "revisor."*

*Reference is to the title character in Gogol's play, *The Revisor*, known for the most part in English as *The Inspector General*.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Nunc Pro Tunc, *and Good Will Galore*

UNACCOUNTABLE ACCOUNTING. *By Abraham J. Briloff. Harper & Row. 365 pp. $9.50.*

JOHN M. BLAIR

In an earlier and simpler day organizers of trusts capitalized on the rise in the stock market by using consolidations and mergers as the occasion for issuing vast amounts of watered stock. In 1911 the Commissioner of Corporations found that in the consolidation of steel properties into the U.S. Steel Corp., the "actual market value of the Steel Corporation's entire tangible properties at its formation, omitting all factors of merger, integration, and concentration was not over $700 million, just about one-half its capitalization." A popular saying had it that the water in U.S. Steel would float the combined navies of the United States and Great Britain. Where, as in the case of U.S. Steel, involuntary cooperation could be secured from buyers, forced to pay a noncompetitive price, and from workers, forced to labor twelve hours a day, six days a week, the water could in time be squeezed out and the worth of the stock validated.

In the recent, unlamented decade of the 1960s, conglomerate creators again capitalized on the rise in the stock market, again employed mergers as the instrument for stock manipulation, and again used the device of watering. The only real difference was that it was the earnings which were watered, not the stock. Virtually the entire financial and corporate communities became afflicted with a "dancing madness" in which the end-all and be-all of a company's performance became the change in its earnings in relation to the shares of stock outstanding—earnings per share. As Leonard M. Savoie, executive vice president of the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants, put it, "In corporate financial reporting . . . the game plan is to show a steadily rising earnings-per-share, thus stimulating investor demand for shares, with consequent rise in their price, and creating a favorable atmosphere for the issuance of new securities in case additional capital is needed."

Of course an improvement in reported share earnings may result from developments which truly reflect a company's earning capacity: an improvement in its operating efficiency, the introduction of an important new product or process, or the securing by fair means or foul of a monopoly position. It may also result from the application to a corporation's financial reports of "creative accounting" designed to show the greatest possible increase in earnings with the least possible increase in capital. The principal value of this book by Abraham J. Briloff, CPA and professor of accountancy, is in delineating the refined art of creating the impression of rising share earnings in the face of a reality which provides little or no support for the illusion. By laboriously digging out the truth from fine-print footnotes buried in financial reports to stockholders, to the SEC, to the New York Stock Exchange and elsewhere, and setting forth his findings in readable and at times indignant prose, Professor Briloff has laid bare one of the root causes of eroding investor confidence in the securities business and provided a foundation for much needed reforms. Whoever hasn't read this book has no business in the stock market; whoever is in the securities business and ignores it may well have no business.

But the significance of the book far transcends its value to the individual investor or money manager. It is not too far-fetched to draw an analogy to the lost-horseshoe-nail-lost-war parable. Because of the ability to create the illusion of rising earnings per share, a company's price-earnings ratio will rise; because of this rise in its price-earnings ratio, the company can further improve its share earnings and record "instant profits" by the simple device of taking over firms with lower ratios; and because of this incentive to merge, economic concentration will rise. Mergers alone accounted for 15.6 of the 18.5 percentage-point increase in the share of total manufacturing assets (from 42.4 per cent in 1947 to 60.9 per cent in 1968), recorded by the 200 largest companies of 1968. And all (or at least very largely) because of the want of principle on the part of important segments of the accounting profession.

In addition to stimulating mergers, inflated profit reports distort our knowledge of the performance of business generally. In this connection Otto Eckstein on July 21, 1971, noted:

> A year ago, the Office of Business Economics (OBE) of the Department of Commerce lowered its estimate of corporate profits for 1969 from $93.8 to $91.2 billion. This week the OBE reduced this estimate to $84.2 billion, and also lowered its estimate for 1970 from $81.3 to $75.4 billion. These enormous revisions raise questions about the accounting practices of American business and the statistical measurement of profits by the Federal Government. Can the profits stated in the annual reports of corporations be in error by an average of 12%?

Principal among the devices used to create the illusion of rising share values has been what Briloff refers to as "dirty-pooling"—the entering into an acquiring company's books of an acquired firm's assets at their recorded or book value, *not* at their actual cost to the acquiring company. In a long-term period of rising prices, the price paid for properties will almost invariably be well above their original (and usually substantially amortized) cost. Thus, by pooling, the company can incorporate into its financial reports earnings, reflecting current higher price levels, with values for the properties themselves, reflecting older, lower price levels. The result is of course an automatic improvement in earnings in relation to capital. As an example Briloff cites the acquisition by Gulf and Western (G&W) of Paramount Pictures. Reflecting the current substantial value of Paramount's film library, particularly for TV reruns, Gulf and Western paid $185 million for the properties but, through pooling, was able to enter them into its books at only $100 million.

> Briefly G&W management was permitted to inject its 1967 earnings statement with the significant effect on earnings because the film properties which it bought (for stock it is true, but bought nevertheless), and for which G&W paid a substantial price, were not recorded on the G&W statements at their actual cost. Instead, G&W was able to take the films over at merely their "substantially amortized" amounts

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shown on Paramount's books. This means that G&W was able to generate income almost on a demand basis without the full corresponding costs being reflected in the income statement—all because pooling-of-interests accounting permitted G&W to submerge most of the costs which it paid to acquire the Paramount library of films.

An alternative to pooling, with much the same effect on share earnings, is for the acquiring company to enter as the cost of acquisition only the book value of the acquired company, while charging the difference between book value and purchase price to good will, which remains a static, "non-cost," neither amortized nor charged to year-to-year operations. For example, when AMK acquired 80 per cent of United Fruit, it paid a total of more than $630 million, mostly in bonds and stock, but charged only $286 million to the net assets taken over from United Fruit. The remainder, nearly one-third of a billion dollars, was charged to good will. In Briloff's words, ". . .$300 million for United Fruit's goodwill (and trademarks) is preposterous. If goodwill means anything, it's supposed to imply excess earnings capacity. . . . Since United Fruit's historical earnings pattern would indicate net income of no more than $30 million annually —hence about 6 per cent on the net asset value—I fail to see where AMK's management could rationalize a goodwill (supposedly *excess* earnings) value of about a third of a billion dollars. Maybe they thought they were recording bananas, not dollars."

An even more bizarre technique of earnings injection is what Briloff refers to as "retrospective, or *nunc pro tunc* pooling." A company that has completed its year with inadequate earnings and then acquired additional firms which during that year have recorded satisfactory earnings, holds its own financial report in abeyance until these later acquisitions are consummated and the earnings of those firms are injected into its own statement. Referring to one of Wall Street's more spectacular fiascos, Briloff quotes a letter from the president of National Student Marketing which accompanies the annual report in the fiscal year ending August 31, 1969: "This year has been one of dramatic development, progress and growth for us. . . . In short the past year has been one of bringing together new sources of strength and creativity—people, organizations, clients. One immediate indication of how synergy or interaction has worked is found in . . . this year's sales and profit figures." What the president neglected to say was that the "dramatic progress" for *that* year had been achieved by acquisitions made subsequent to its termination. From the footnotes in the annual report Briloff ascertained that "no fewer than eight major acquisitions were effected after August 31, 1969; and of these eight, five were not even agreed to in principle until after that date—and yet they were wheeled into the statements for that 1969 fiscal year." Without the addition of $3,754,103 to National Student Marketing's reported profit of $3,195,127 for the year contributed by these after-the-fact acquisitions, the company's 1969 operations would have shown a loss. Lest it be assumed that only the uninformed small investor would be misled by such financial legerdemain, it should be noted that after the National Student Marketing bubble had been pierced, its stockholders were revealed to have included such presumably sophisticated investors as the University of Chicago and the endowment funds of Harvard University and Cornell University, as well as Morgan Guarantee Trust Co., U.S. Trust Co., and Continental Illinois National Bank of Chicago.

Pooling, purchase accounting involving excessive charges to good will, and retrospective pooling, are only a few of the methods used by creative accountants to create the impression that things are better than they are. Others include extending depreciation charges over a longer period of time, combining extraordinary income arising from the sale of property with operating income, capitalizing research and development expense and changing the method of handling inventory. Under certain circumstances the use of such techniques may be appropriate. What makes them suspect is their use by a company whose growth, if not its very existence, is dependent upon the continuation of an upward trend in its share earnings.

Briloff also examines a number of other noteworthy contributions of creative accounting. There is, for example, what has been felicitously referred to as "front-end loading of anticipated income." Thus, prevailing accounting practice has allowed the entire amount of franchise fees to be recognized as income at the time of the franchise agreement and prior to their being earned, even though much of that "income" represented nothing more than

THE PRISONER

The cage of myself clamps shut.
My words turn the lock.

I am the jailer rattling the keys.
I am the torturer's assistant
who nods & smiles
& pretends not
to be responsible.

I am the clerk who stamps
the death note
affixing the seal, the seal, the seal.

I am the lackey who "follows orders."
"I have not got the authority."

I am the visitor
who brings a cake, baked
with a file.

Pale snail,
I wave between the bars.
I speak of rope with the hangman.
I chatter of sparks & currents
with the electrician.
Direct or alternating,
he is beautiful.

I flatter him.
I say he turns me on.

I tell the cyanide capsules
they have talent
& may fulfill themselves someday.
I read the warden's awful novel
& recommend a publisher.
I sleep with the dietician
who is hungry.
I sleep with the hangman
& reassure him
that he is a good lover.

I am the ideal prisoner.

I win prizes on my conduct.
They reduce my sentence.
Now it is only 99 years
with death like a dollop
of whipped cream at the end.
I am so grateful.

No one remembers
that I constructed this jail
& peopled its cells.
No one remembers my blueprints
& my plans,
my steady hammering,
my dreams of fantastic escapes.

& even I,
patiently writing away,
my skin yellowing
like the pages of old paperbacks,
my hair turning gray,
cannot remember the first crime,
the crime
I was born for.

Erica Jong

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paper generated by undercapitalized franchises, with little or no provision for collection or cancellation loss. The same principle can be applied to income anticipated through leasing. In Briloff's words, "If the auditors really approve this kind of income anticipation, then they must certainly permit a builder who can't sell a house but can lease it for a year to pick up currently the full sales price of the house. Why? Because he anticipates the sale thereof *mañana*."

Land development companies ingeniously combined "front-end loading" with inflated realizable values of the properties being loaded. That is to say, they entered the entire income to be received from the sale of a lot in the year in which the sales contract was signed, even though most of the income was to be received in later years in the form of installment payments. In addition to "recognizing income in their accounts prematurely—as reported to their shareholders and not of course to Internal Revenue . . . the amount shown on their balance sheets—again purely for public consumption—were greatly in excess of their then realizable values."

As one method of misrepresentation follows another, all depicted in Briloff's livid choler, the question keeps coming to mind: Where has the Securities and Exchange Commission been while all this has been going on? Unhappily, the agency has been more or less sitting on the sidelines since it abnegated much of its power and responsibility to a private body—the Accounting Principles Board of the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants. It is this board which determines what is in accord with generally accepted accounting principles. Most of the practices criticized by Briloff could be rationalized as coming within the scope of the board's principles. While there have been some recent minor improvements (partly stemming from his earlier criticisms), to expect any real change for the better from this or any other private body is to indulge in wishful thinking. For one thing, a sort of Gresham's law operates in this field. Good accountants who refuse to certify misrepresented financial statements will find themselves losing business to rival auditors who are more "understanding" of a company's needs. This has been recognized by Savoie, the head of the association of CPAs, who referred to the practice of a company going " 'shopping' for the accounting principles which best suit the game plan. The company's present auditors may stand adamant against what the management wants to do, so management begins looking for an accounting firm that they hope will be more accommodating."

The problem is compounded by a conflict of interest arising from the fact that, in addition to their auditing function, most of the major accounting firms derive substantial income by providing, for a fee, a variety of managerial services, such as market surveys, public opinion polls, psychological testing, personnel selection, executive recruitment, factory design and layout, labor negotiations, new-product planning, etc. Obviously, the accounting firm which is a stickler for proper financial reporting stands a good chance of losing not only its accounting but its non-accounting business as well. In an earlier book (*The Effectiveness of Accounting Communication*), Briloff found that 53 per cent of the financial community believed the rendering of management services by CPAs in situations where they will be fulfilling the audit function would *detract* from the significance of the auditor's opinion. It is a commentary on the state of their ethics that none of the "Big 8" accounting firms (all of whom render such services) were able to recognize the inherent conflict.

If investor confidence in the securities business is to be restored, the principle of industry self-government will have to be abandoned. The SEC, itself, will have to set about doing the job for which it was originally created—assuring honesty in financial reports. And if, to do the job properly, the agency needs larger appropriations or stronger implementing legislation, they should—and probably would—be provided by Congress. □

The Sybil of Coppet

TEN YEARS OF EXILE. *By Madame de Staël. Translated by Doris Beik, with an introduction by Peter Gay. Saturday Review Press. 248 pp. $10.*

EVE POCQUET SOURIAN

This well-translated book is Mme. de Staël's account for her flight from—and resistance to—absolute power. She has been called mistress of an age. The age was Napoleon's and indeed she can only be properly defined in relation to him.

As the Napoleonic legend waxed fat, Mme. de Staël's literary reputation waned, leaving the image of a faintly ridiculous bluestocking whom Napoleon had called "crazy, a hussy, a rumormonger, a crow." This image was intensified by the fact that in her time a woman generally did not concern herself directly with politics as Mme. de Staël did. As she once said: "Take a look at the social order and you will quickly realize how ready it is to attack any woman who seeks to put herself on an equal plane with men of repute."

Mme. de Staël's exile came about in stages. Napoleon began by admonishing her to practice moderation in her expressions of opinion; then in 1803, forbidden to enter Paris, she was obliged "to remain an unhappy planet revolving around it"; subsequently an area of 40 leagues' radius about the city was denied her; as of 1810 she was exiled from France; and at last all of Europe was placed out of bounds, excepting her own estate, Coppet. For her, life was unthinkable without the stimulation of the intellectual capital of the world. Indeed, a clause in her marriage contract with the Swedish Ambassador de Staël had specified that he could never make her leave Paris.

"The specter of boredom has always haunted me," she wrote. "It causes me such terror that I would have yielded in the face of tyranny had not the example of my father been stronger than this weakness." Her exile was a cruel trial which Chateaubriand, for example, couldn't understand. He, who had been perishing of hunger in London during his own exile, found it hard to imagine that this wealthy woman with her beautiful chateau and visits from all her friends, could be suffering so. Napoleon himself, answering her oldest son, who in 1807 requested an end to her exile, said: "Let her go wherever she pleases —Rome, Naples, Vienna, Berlin, Milan, Lyons, even to London to spread her libels. Nobody but your mother would be so unhappy at being granted all of Europe!" And on another occasion he said of Mme. de Staël, "She's a machine for making waves of a very dangerous nature in *salons*. . . . If I let her return she will do foolish things. She will make inroads among my entourage. I live in Paris and I don't want anyone living here except those who love me."

What did the Emperor have to fear from Mme. de Staël? One can't help feeling it was all disproportionate. Compared to the problems of Europe, the Napoleonic reorganization, constant

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warfare, of what importance was this woman of letters? In fact, quite considerable. The daughter of Necker was rich, therefore independent. Her marriage had only increased her already secure position in the worlds of diplomacy, banking and the aristocracy. She had connections with virtually everyone of literary and political importance. Ironically, in exiling her, Napoleon forced her to travel in spite of herself, further developing her connections throughout Europe.

Rich and influential, she was irrevocably faithful to the principles of 1789, tirelessly denouncing any violation of these principles; Bonaparte, on the other hand, systematically disregarded them, something she could not tolerate. For she was one of the very few who had remained attached to the ideals of the Revolution in spite of the Terror, the anarchy of the Directory, and the Imperial dictatorship. She begins her book by saying that "Emperor Napoleon's greatest grievance against me is my unfailing respect for true liberty."

She goes on to say that Napoleon's greatest failing was that he did not believe in the sincerity of anyone's beliefs. She rejects the so-called political realism which pretends that necessity is beyond the law, and like Kant she attaches crucial importance to the moral use of reason in politics. For if the vocation of men is to think independently, no man may renounce the acquisition of necessary information, nor may anyone tell any group how or what to think; that would constitute a crime against human destiny. On the same general grounds, Mme. de Staël is against censorship. To suppress freedom of expression is to "spirit away ideas in order to better enslave men." It is important to note, however, that she makes a distinction between the press and other writing, "for newspapers exert an influence on the populace whereas books for the most part are read only by educated men and may enlighten opinion but not inflame it."

Ten Years Of Exile describes the establishment of a regime wished for by a country tired of disorder and hungry for peace, a regime which because of the character of its new leader, Napoleon, became a tyranny. Both history and memoir, it is also a moral lesson. From the beginning, Mme. de Staël places her personal situation in a larger context, as one example among others.

GROWING UP

One of my wings beat faster,
I couldn't help it—
the one away from the light.

It hurt to be told all the time
how I loved that terrible flame.

William Stafford

Around herself she arranges other celebrated victims, and nameless ones, the murdered and the exiled. She depicts the police in search of draft evaders, Spanish prisoners, innocent English tourists abruptly detained. As she stands at the foot of the fortress of Joux, her thought rises toward the Marquis de Saint-Simon, incarcerated there with his daughter, and toward the spirit of Toussaint L'Ouverture, who died there.

It should be remembered, however, how shaky Napoleon's power was, a fact that accounts for his inflexibility in ruling over an unstable and divided country. Furthermore, in the interest of maintaining perspective one may observe that Mme. de Staël, wishing to present herself wholly as a victim, neglects to mention her open disagreement with many of Napoleon's specific policies, and her role, however superficial, in conspiracies such as those in which Bernadotte and Moreau were compromised. But perhaps her motive in presenting herself as a victim is not primarily in order to render Napoleon completely odious but rather, in this account of her own life, to portray a heroine not unlike those of her novels: passive, "feminine," sweet, submissive to their fates—gifted though they may be.

The second part of the book deals with her dangerous flight from Coppet through Napoleon's Europe. If she is captured it means prison. As she travels through Austria, Moravia, Poland, what strikes her most forcefully is the fact that liberty and independence reign nowhere. Eighteenth-century Europe, so cosmopolitan, so open to all travelers, has become a great confining net. It's as if those governments oppressed by France avenge themselves on their miserable subjects with the bits of power which remain to them: "People like to say," she writes, "that the demand for liberty in Europe did not arise until the last century; rather, it is despotism which is a modern invention."

At last, on July 14, 1812, she crossed the Russian frontier, arriving in Moscow only six weeks before the Grand Army. She was the last Western traveler

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See interview of Ludvík Vaculík in this issue.

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to see and describe the city before it was burned. Astonished by the patriotic and religious passion of the Russians—nobles, masters, peasants and serfs alike—she judged their despotism with a certain tolerance. She hoped that serfdom would gradually disappear, for she had great confidence in the character of the Czar—though she did allude to the possibility of a revolution. According to Pushkin, "She was the first to do full justice to the Russian people."

The interest of this colorful and lively work is many-sided. There are the portraits of historical protagonists such as Talleyrand, Fouché, and the Czar, all of them dominated, as Peter Gay points out in his excellent introduction, by the cold, disquieting, cynical figure of Napoleon. Then there are the reasoned political opinions of Mme. de Staël. But especially there is her analysis of Europe; she foresees the eventual victory of freedom and democracy, the development of national sentiment, and the birth of new literatures. □

Here Be Monsters

THE SUNLIGHT DIALOGUES. *By John Gardner. Alfred A. Knopf. 674 pp. $8.95.*

ALAN CHEUSE

John Gardner, a teacher of medieval literature at Southern Illinois University, is one of the few living North American writers whose work convinces us of the vitality of the novel. Although *The Wreckage of Agathon*, appearing in 1970, masquerades as conventional historical fiction, it is an ingeniously conceived and sometimes moving satire on contemporary American life. Its pages present the notebooks of Agathon, the shadowy historical figure who is mentioned in Plato's *Symposium* as a prize-winning playwright, and the commentary of his friend Demodokus (or "Peeker," as he is known to his acquaintances), after the two have been imprisoned and left to rot by the legendary Spartan lawmaker Lykourgos.

By means of these notebooks, we discover a Greece whose militarism, racial and class prejudice is remarkably familiar to us, as is the condition of estrangement among friends, lovers, families and communities. Agathon, the irascible old gadfly who marches in Chaplinesque cadence among the steel-hearted troops of the Spartan regime, becomes a sympathetic figure since he alone among the Greeks speaks out against the tyrannical rule of Lykourgos. "Bullshit!" he shouts in response to the bland rationalizations of state power put forth by the despot. "What would you know about common minds, or any other kind of human mind, Lykourgos? . . ." "I have known human feeling." "Bullshit!" Agathon's anachronistic diction has other uses, and can treat of love as well as of law and revolution:

> Nothing was of interest but her mouth and the line of her hip, the shattering sweetness of her voice. I listened to the crickets, my heart tripping rapidly and lightly, as if I were standing looking down from the roof of a tower. The water lapped at the shore, very quietly.

This portrait of a man and a culture is intellectually stimulating and sometimes quite moving. Gardner is not satisfied with social criticism alone, but connects it to the novel's central action of separating, if possible, the illusory things of this world from the real. By the end of the work, the narrative challenges the value of its own conclusions, and we are forced to consider that all that we have read in Agathon's notebooks might be, as Iona, his helot mistress suggests, "pure fiction."

Grendel, the literally monstrous narrator of Gardner's extrapolation upon the *Beowulf* epic, published in 1971, charges the text with the same vigor as his Athenian predecessor, with equal gusto debating with dragons and chewing on men. The "purity" of this fiction, however, never need be questioned since Grendel's ties are directly to literature rather than to the quasi-mythical realm of the *Symposium*. Grendel's first-person narration, with its vibrant diction and straightforward plot—what to do till the hero comes—partakes of the tradition and spirit of the "Shaper," the poet whose chanted verse Grendel hears while eavesdropping on the community of men huddled around the meadhall bonfire. Poetry cannot make him human, but it can give him a sense of how and when to play out the role assigned to him by chance or necessity, flux, fashion, or *nada*. "Balance is everything," he says to himself,

> riding out time like a helmless sheep-boat, keel to hellward, mast upreared to prick out heaven's eye. He he! (Sigh.) My enemies define themselves (as the dragon said) on me. As for myself I could finish them off in a single night, pull down the great carved beams and crush them in the meadhall, along with their mice, their tankards and potatoes—yet I hold back. I am hardly blind to the absurdity. Form is function. What will we call the Hrothgar-Wrecker when Hrothgar has been wrecked?

That is the question. For this ingenious narrative (which might set off a round of "pure" fictions such as, say, the *Odyssey* told from the point of view of Polyphemus or *Moby Dick* told by the white whale) once again raises the question of the relationship of criticism and analysis to poetic creation. As Grendel's friend and fellow dialogist, the skeptical, fire-breathing Dragon, says of the Shaper's art, it merely offers the illusion of reality, held together in the present moment by "the gluey whine of connectedness." Yet paradoxically, had Grendel not learned it we could not have heard about its worthlessness.

Gardner calls forth no monsters from the vasty deep in *The Sunlight Dialogues*, but its long and beautifully composed narration has the maverick intensity of his scapegoat figures, Agathon and Grendel. Set in Batavia, N.Y., in the shadow of Attica prison, the narrative gives us as striking a picture of small-town American life as we have had since *Winesburg, Ohio*—but in a voice that speaks on a wavelength to which the ear of literary naturalism is deaf. "Riding horses in a back pasture, gone wild." The opening lines of the Prologue strike the ear as lyrically as the noise of Grendel or the vagaries of Agathon's notebooks. But the social mode of this music soon becomes clear:

> . . . Woods. Inside, on a hill, a house as black as dinosaur bones. Grass grows up through the driveway's broken asphalt, but there is a car. This is the house of the oldest Judge in the world. The Judge has company.

The company is Fred Clumly, the retired police chief of Batavia whose encounters with "The Sunlight Man," a Batavia prodigal named Taggert Hodge, comprise the main action of the story to follow (an action "completed" by the time the Prologue takes place, and that lends the tale a sense of completion as well as of experimentation as it unfolds for the "first" time). Unlike the word-spewing outcasts of Gardner's other novels, Clumly is a man at the center of the orderly life of the town, tight-lipped, narrow-minded, with a complexion the color of commercial American

Alan Cheuse teaches literature at Bennington College.

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RITUALS

Yes, I've taken to checking the lock
more than once before sleeping.
The gas jets too get tested.
You might say it's my way.
You might guess I wash my hands
a little too often
and count a lot.
My doctor says counting is normal,
that we all have things to count;
I count what I'm not sure of.
My repetitions are defensive,
they give me something to do.
Think of it as magic:
I count to five,
I assure the safety of five
members of my family. Simple!
What would I do if I didn't
count?
I might take an edge to someone's features,
who knows?
But everything is as it should be:
what I love I hate—
I love what moves away
or lingers outside my door.
I count the minutes when I'm not sure,
but never people,
they can turn on you.
With numbers it's different.
You can count on them.

Daniel Halpern

white bread: "I'm *personally responsible* for every cop in my department," he tells one of his patrolmen while leading the reluctant officer on a raid of a brothel.

"In late August, 1966," the story proper begins, with an appropriate epic preterite,

> the city jail in Batavia, New York, held four regular prisoners, that is four prisoners who were being kept on something more than an overnight basis. . . . The Chief of Police—it was then Fred Clumly—would sit in front of the cell block and talk. . . . "I think he's from California . . . it's the way he talks. . . ."

The subject of his speech is Taggert Hodge, son of the town's late leading citizen, who after his wife went mad, turned from law to the life of a bearded, goatlike California (yes, Clumly's ear is basically sound) hippy drifter. Hodge, or as he calls himself, the Sunlight Man, has been arrested for spray-painting LOVE on a highway abutment outside Batavia and, like Agathon when we first meet him, he is temporarily imprisoned. Liberation, however, is the business of this man who has studied the mysteries of the East and the tricks of the magician's trade. Although he seems at first sight a small-town madman on the skids, he soon leads a pair of his cellmates, the two half-educated Indian wards of his lawyer brother, in a jailbreak. Their rampage, which starts with the shooting of one of the guards, leads to the death of several other innocent citizens of Batavia, smashes the lives of Hodge's immediate family, and turns the town upside down.

Playing Pentheus to the Sunlight Man's Dionysos, Clumly allows himself to be enticed into a series of encounters with the fugitive in order to find clues to the murders and, possibly, to entrap him. "It's all one pattern," Clumly muses, bearing the heroic burden only Gardner's monsters had borne before of attempting to discern the truth in life from life's illusions. While Clumly plays back tape recordings of his dialogues with the Merlin-like Hodge, the murders continue, mysterious fires break out, the Sunlight Man plays hob with the imagination of the town, and Clumly's personal fate comes into question as the town fathers begin to discount his ability to solve the crimes.

And augmenting the *pas de deux* between Mr. Law-and-Order and Mr. Liberation (in whose persons writ large are the themes of civilization versus barbarism, light against dark, East against West, love against hate, native against alien) are the movements of the various other soldiers whom Gardner deploys on Governor Rockefeller's darkling plain. Each of these figures, grand or insignificant, like each strain of the narrative, gives us pleasure, and adds a useful element to the larger story. Besides, the book is as rich in points of view as it is in character and narrative situations, but just as with figure and voice, the systems of perspective—Assyrian, Sumerian, Greek, Arthurian—are themselves a part of that shaping power which Gardner, poking fun at himself, calls the novelist's "dry way" of explication.

"Dry"? Gardner's fiction is as fecund as Grendel's bog. It dramatizes social fact by means of a narrative method that is modern in its conviction of the illusory nature of textual "reality" while it is traditional in that it keeps all the force and feeling of the ancient Shaper-poet who sings of how

> the greatest of gods made the world, every wonder bright plain and the turning seas, and set as signs of his victory the sun and moon, great lamps for light to landdwellers. . . .

Or who, we might add, at "the saddening of the year in Western New York,"

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when "evening slides in cold, and birds fly south," and scapegoats die in order to raise the speech of the living to a higher plane of intensity and insight, brings the light of his own remarkable voice to a landscape on which, if we are to believe the impure fictions of his less inventive or less passionate contemporaries, the sun has already gone down. □

Shortest Way with the Dissenters

CRUSADE AGAINST RADICALISM: New York During the Red Scare, 1914-1924. *By Julian Jaffe. Kennikat Press. 265 pp. $12.50.*

HENRY L. FEINGOLD

At last count American history boasts at least three major episodes of nativist hysteria and numerous minor ones. Best known is the Red-scare period after World War I, when a raid led by Atty. Gen. A. Mitchell Palmer "captured" 6,000 Communists and other assorted radicals. In some cities like Hartford the pursuit of radicals was so avid that when friends and relatives visited the incarcerated, they too were arrested. Radicalism, apparently, was considered so contagious that those hapless visitors were presumed to have caught the disease. In New York State the Lusk Committee investigated radicalism and the state legislature responded by expelling five Assemblymen who happened to be members of the Socialist Party. The schools particularly were scenes of fearful intimidation. The period between 1919 and 1920 was a dangerous time for organized dissent and an unhappy epoch in American history.

It took the excesses of the McCarthy era to alert historians to the opportunities such episodes offer for gaining new insights into American political behavior. In the midst of that period, Richard Hofstadter published an intriguing study of the American political-cultural style, *The Paranoid Style in American Politics*, which he found to be pervaded by Manichean and apocalyptic "carry-overs" from the spirit of evangelic-ascetic Protestantism. Hofstadter regarded the crusading spirit not as an isolated aberration but as a permanent feature of American life. In 1955, a year after McCarthyism had run its course, two new historical studies appeared. The first, *Strangers in the Land* by John Higham, was a full-scale examination of the nativist pattern since 1860. Robert K. Murray focused directly on the Red scare, concluding that much of the hysteria could be traced to the failure of leadership to adequately plan for the reconversion to a peacetime economy (*Red Scare: A Study in National Hysteria*). The subsequent inflation and labor strife made it appear to some that the nation was coming apart. It reawakened a longing for a simpler America which, it was imagined, had existed before the country had been dragged, kicking and screaming, into the 20th century—before the "new" immigrants had altered the character of the cities and radicals had challenged the eternal verities on which the society was based. The Red scare, Murray concluded, was an ineffectual attempt to overcome fear.

In 1964 an article appeared which approached the subject from the standpoint of anthropology and social psychology. Stanley Coben, who had previously written a biography of A. Mitchell Palmer, noted in "A Study of Nativism: The American Red Scare of 1919-1920," that episodes of nativistic fervor were not unknown in other cultures and followed recognizable patterns. The religious upheaval among the Dakota Sioux known as the Ghost Dance Cult, and the Gaiwiio movement among the Iroquois of western New York, as well as the Boxer Rebellion in turn-of-the-century China, occurred when those societies were threatened by foreign encroachment. Was there a relationship between these perceived threats and the outbreak of nativism? In every culture, Coben postulated, there exists a group that, in order to cope with internal stress, may need the psychic support of the larger culture more intensely than other groups. Any threat to the culture, real or imaginary, brings with it a nativistic reaction as a matter of course. The more apparent the threat, the more predictable is the attempt to "restore" the culture.

Some of Coben's formulations are born out in Julian Jaffe's interesting new study of the Red scare. By confining his study to the smaller canvas of New York State and using a finer historical mesh, Jaffe accumulates the kind of detail that ultimately affords a wider perspective. He places the beginning of the "scare" back in 1914, which permits a test of the hypothesis that the nativist outburst was triggered by the trauma of the war. The alteration of the generally accepted time limits proves especially fruitful when Jaffe carries the period forward to the passage of the Reed-Johnson restrictive Immigration Act of 1924. Rather than appearing to spring full-blown out of nowhere during the postwar reconversion, the "scare" can now be seen as the apogee of a nativist reaction which had its genesis during the war and helped produce the drawn-out xenophobia of the 1920s. For the first time we can view the period as being of a piece.

Like most historical discoveries this one is not entirely new. Woodrow Wilson understood better than most that

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REGRET

Regret is the young girl who sits in the snow
& stares at her hands.

They are bluer than shadows in snow.
They are bloodless as fear.
Her fingernail moons are white.

She wants to crawl into the palm
of her own hand.
She wants extra fingers to cover
the shame of her eyes.

She wants to follow her lifeline where it leads
but it plunges deeper
than the Grand Canyon.

She stands on the edge
still hoping
she can fly.

Erica Jong

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THE YEAR OF THE BIRD

Dead scents I couldn't bear bore fruit
and filled earth full of small cuts

Prows split thin gusts of ice
and downwind dropped
opal gardens
spice patches

The birds come
in colter waves
Their wings tatter the straight
They loosen
hot pleats of earth
unfurl them
in loam skies where
harvests wave wide as the sunset
whose winds churn the land
past farmhouse and field
to wild oats and barley
ancestral grasses that
shoulder stones and root

The birds bring sky in their claws and clay
Where they settle ears are shaken free
then cast again in gold
They have come from nowhere and are going everywhere
Each place is discovery
retrieval
a feather from their breasts

Brian Swann

preaching a jihad abroad could not fail to cause serious domestic repercussions. "Once lead this people into war," he sadly confided to Frank Cobb, editor of the New York *World*, "and they'll forget that there ever was such a thing as tolerance." Paradoxically "making the world safe for democracy" meant endangering it at home. When the United States entered the war in April 1917, a "reign of terror" broke out, directed against those who opposed the war on pacifist or radical grounds, or because of their ethnic sympathies. It included whippings, tar-and-featherings, and a few lynchings. When it reached its peak, German-sounding street names were hastily changed, many schools discontinued the teaching of German, statues of General Von Steuben were toppled from their pedestals, sauerkraut became "liberty cabbage," frankfurters "liberty sausages," and hamburger "Salisbury steak." Committees of Public Safety composed of "volunteer detectives," loosely associated with organizations like the National Security League, made dissent against the war hazardous. The cry of patriotism found a ready response from the federal government, which furnished legal instruments, the Espionage and Sedition laws, to give muscle to the crusade for conformity. When it was all over, 1,532 radicals (including Eugene Debs) had been arrested, the IWW had been suppressed, and much of the dissenting Socialist and ethnic press had been muzzled. Nor could nativist hysteria be easily dissipated once the war ended. The crusading zeal unleashed by the war was turned against the enemy at home. It was but a short jump from suspecting those who had opposed the carnage of being less than patriotic to imagining that they were the vanguard of the revolution, unleashed in Russia, and seeking to destroy cherished American values.

There remain some unanswered questions about the recurrence of such phenomena in American history. Jaffe's study makes it clear that merely to attribute such hysteria to the projection outward of internal stress is only one side of the story. Something occurs within American politics to throw the weight of the government bureaucracy behind the crusade. Moreover it seems clear that behind the bureaucracy there are politicians intent on advancing their political careers by appearing as avid servants of the misguided public will. During the Red scare that was true not only of A. Mitchell Palmer but of a host of lesser luminaries like Ole Hanson, the "savior of Seattle," Calvin Coolidge, who similarly saved Massachusetts, and Gen. Leonard Wood, who fought the "Red Terror" in Gary. It did not take long for such men to learn that America offered special rewards to those who fended off its internal devils. That is why one experiences a certain uneasiness while reading *Crusade Against Radicalism*. The man in the White House today is living proof, for those waiting in the wings, that one can build a political career on the back of such popular fear. The forces which might have resisted a nativist onslaught seem to have been scattered in the Red scare before the struggle was joined. Should it happen again, we have even fewer devices to protect dissenters.

Yet many things have changed since the 1920s and 1950s, so that it is not easy to point out factors that could bring about a repeat performance. Almost unnoticed, several elements which are traditionally present in such outbreaks of national hysteria have slipped out of the picture. The "foreign enemy" which supplies the necessary fantasy for domestic crusaders has been considerably diminished. The growing Soviet-American and Sino-American rapprochement leaves the crusaders no outside threat to internalize. That, in turn, makes it difficult to fantasize about the domestic agents of such a foreign conspiracy. Immigrants, who were assigned such a role during the Red scare, are no longer with us—paradoxically, their offspring appear to be the likeliest candidates to carry nativist enthusiasm to extremes. The radical movement, another target for such crusades, has now carried its neglect of programmatic politics to suicidal extremes, so that it requires a vivid imagination to conceive of it as a threat. There is a modicum of prosperity in the land, and that has always helped to mute public hysteria. Americans seem firmly ensconced in their wall-to-wall privacy, so that the possibility of summoning them to a crusade either at home or abroad seems remote.

That much, at least, can be distilled from the Vietnamese venture. What seemed so radical yesterday has a way of appearing quite normal today and even old-fashioned tomorrow. What else can it mean when revulsion at the war, for which dissidents were being harassed in 1917, became the popular consensus a mere two years later, and when those persons who outspokenly opposed the cold war, and suffered dearly for it during the McCarthy period, have lived to see their policies implemented by no less a crusader than Richard Nixon?

There is another consoling fact which

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Jaffe notes. The attempt to squelch dissent by means of mass raids, judicial and Congressional intimidation, jailings and deportations proved to be counterproductive. Even under the direst threats, dissent remained alive, the desired *Gleichschaltung* was never achieved. Americans, even the potential crusaders among us, prefer things that work. Clearly the mobilization of popular hysteria, to stamp out dissent, doesn't. It is a lesson worth remembering. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Yasujiro Ozu made *An Autumn Afternoon* in 1962 and died the following year. One cannot be certain that he knew it was to be his last film, but it has the quality of a summing up, the distillation of a life's work, a last thrust of energy, comparable in a way to Matisse's culminating silhouettes. He gave the picture a typically nondramatic title, assembled actors and actresses as closely associated with his career as is Ingmar Bergman's cast with his, and provided a script so redolent of his preoccupations and intuitions that time and again I found myself transported to one or another of his earlier celebrated works.

Ozu grasps so precisely what it means to live a lifetime that he can set a film of nostalgic yearning in surroundings of heart-stopping beauty without ever falling off into sentimentality or the solace of prettiness. His is an implacable benevolence, a love for his fellow beings that embraces their follies while in no sense excusing them. The point is to rejoice that we measure up as well as we do, not to complain because we fall so far short of what can readily be imagined.

And like its content, this film's form seems to epitomize Ozu's approach. He prefers to work in close quarters—the corner of a room, a cubicle in a public house, a courtyard. He does not avoid streets, but neither does he move much along them. Rather, early in a picture he will establish several compositions of gratifying structural elegance, each associated with a particular thread of his narrative. Then, by reverting to these at appropriate moments, using them almost as titles, he establishes his transitions. Scenes filmed in a given location are apt to be almost exact replicas of one another, the effect being to sharpen subtle changes of circumstance. Like most Japanese directors, Ozu is well aware of utilitarian beauty and the aesthetics of bareness, but he is visually sophisticated and does not make a display of his taste.

An Autumn Afternoon is organized around three businessmen, friends since school days, now ruefully aware of their years. One of them, a widower, has taken a young wife, and the other two mock him with gentle envy. Another, also widowed, is cared for by his daughter and, his friends tell him, that is an indulgence which may well ruin her life and overwhelm him with guilt. Indeed, they happen by chance on an old teacher, now the drunken proprietor of a noodle shop, who has suffered just that unhappiness. The "action" of the picture (in fact, Ozu pictures have no action, but rather a slow kaleidoscopic rearrangement of relationships) is the emancipation of Hirayama's daughter from her father's dependency.

Since it is Ozu who tells it, that liberation is itself somewhat ambiguous. The girl cannot have the husband she wants (her father was too late setting the marriage inquiries in motion) and accepts the one found for her out of filial obedience, heartache and chagrin at being thought dispensable. The sight of the brusque modern girl reduced to quivering docility by the manikin garb of Japanese ceremony, while the men of her family, dressed in cutaways, stand about her in complacent admiration, is as near to horror as Ozu ever gets. However, her sister-in-law observes that she is a smart girl and will make a go of it. Probably so—making a go of life is the kind of heroism Ozu's people most frequently attain.

The graying Hirayama (Chishu Ryu —I do not list the rest of the magnificent cast because, unhappily, Japanese names do not communicate here in the West) is somehow splendid without being entirely admirable. Like his friends, he drinks too much, and his charming smile is as much a defense as a response. He is, in short, equivocal, and I think it was equivocation that most troubled Ozu. His era might well have induced the concern—postwar Japan was wracked by a culture in upheaval, and underlying his whole work is the struggle between loyalty to old forms and the seduction of modern (Western) progress.

But though the people of his films are uneasy, and he was uneasy for them, the resilience of courage supports Ozu's pictures. He did not expect a great deal of people, but he placed a high value on what he did expect. Like most great artists, he was free both of illusion and of despair. □

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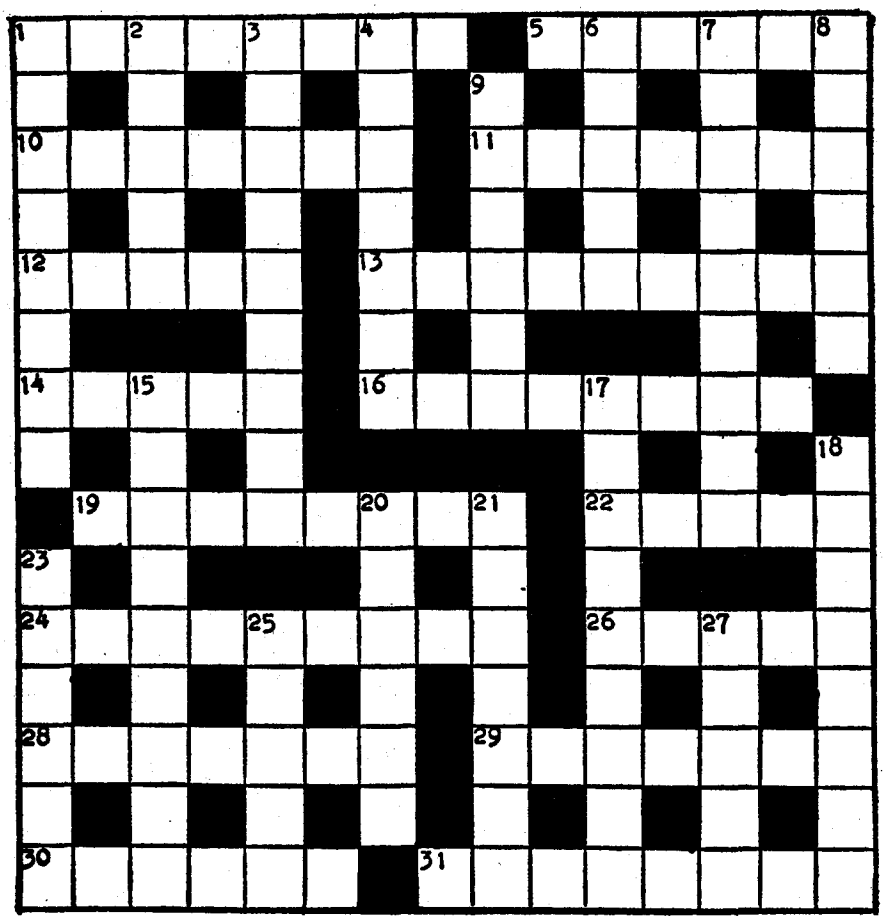
Crossword Puzzle No. 1490

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 Does one rent out his entire shop for part of the company post? (8,6)
10 and 9 down Does old asbestos go up due to his efforts, or is it just a prelude to something bigger? (7-6)
11 In sum, finish one article tacked on. (7)
12 and 26 across Commercial turkish baths, now looked on with some disfavor? (10)
13 Possibly unresting, as a revolting description. (9)
14 As an excuse, one might find it originally elsewhere. (5)
16 A reading translated as a rather flowery sort. (8)
19 Socially, man alone dined after a point, to stand without moving. (8)
22 One's mate might sound rough. (5)
24 Pardon, sir! Did its sort fall on you? (9)
26 See 12 across
28 Either a cathedral or a bar might be. (7)
29 As likely to be made out of rubber as ersatz? (7)
30 and 31 One might after a violent row, being content to do so. (4,2,4,4)

DOWN

1 and 23 down You probably don't have to ask for directions from one. (4-4,6)
2 Does it make the heart of 13 swell?
3 It's not far from a narrow escape. (4,5)
4 Does it imply the submergence of the vice-regent? (7)
6 Duck down! It's in the one I derailed! (5)
7 What's the point about displeasure? It could be sweet! (9)
8 The land would be a true state, if I were included. (6)
9 See 10 across
15 Seemingly tiring use of plots. (9)
17 Such a nurse acts strangely with old people. (9)
18 Continues to grow. (8)
20 Doesn't hit something on purpose. (6)
21 Are nets woven by direction? (7)
23 See 1 down
25 Said by the French to be a mark of non-originality. (5)
27 One doesn't say anything in grand style. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1489

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Striking effect; 10 Coast; 11 Golden age; 12 Nearest; 13 Outsell; 14 Measly; 15 Sidling; 18 Extreme; 21 Recipe; 24 Accuses; 26 and 25 Supreme Court; 27 Amusement; 28 Ideas; 29 Extend; 30 Heighten. DOWN: 1 and 23 Second person; 2 Road-agent; 3 Kittens; 4 Nightly; 6 Fretted; 7 Elated; 8 Theology; 9 Floods; 16 Implement; 17 Separate; 19 Eastern; 20 Easter; 21 Rosette; 22 Capping.

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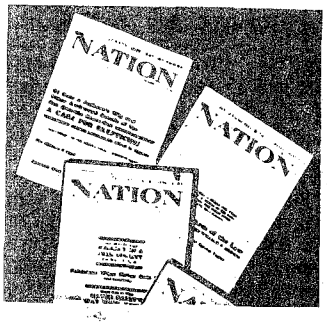

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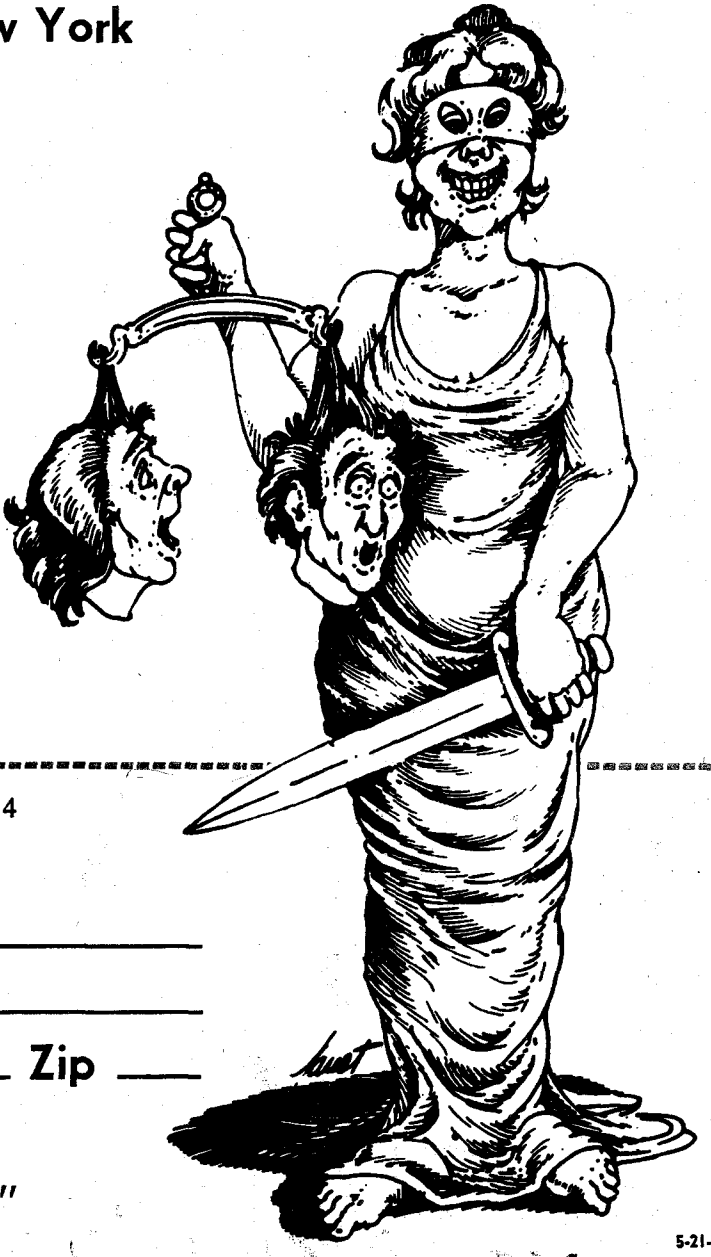

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